

John Duck 3/3 Stand
**PENNY ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY NEWS.**



No. 91.—VOL. II. NEW SERIES.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 11, 1865.

ONE PENNY.



THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE DESTRUCTION OF SAVILLE HOUSE BY FIRE. (See page 611.)

Notes of the Week.

On Saturday afternoon, five Coast-guardmen belonging to the Warborough Station, about thirteen miles west of St. Alban's Head, were returning in their galley with a cargo of stores from Weymouth, when the vessel was struck by a heavy sea at Lulworth, and went down at once. The occurrence had been witnessed from Lulworth, and a boat was immediately sent off, but on arriving at the spot only a few light articles forming part of the stores were picked up. The wind and sea were so unfavourable at the time that the Lulworth boat could not effect a re-landing at the point of its departure, and was obliged to be taken to Muxes. The names of the unfortunate men who perished are Baker, Hickey, Chope, Dumas, and Parnell, and all of them, with the exception of the last-named, had seen years of service in the Coast-guard. Several children are left for the moment unprovided for by the sad occurrence.

A DOUBLE ACCIDENT.—Lord Middleton's fox-hounds met at Hunmanby, in a field near to the station. Soon they were in full cry. The fox at a rapid pace took a direction towards the sea, crossing the railroad leading to Filey. Mr. Simpson, of Fieldhouse, who was riding a spirited horse, in taking a leap from the field on to the line, had the misfortune to break the stirrup of his saddle, and before he could recover himself he fell with fearful violence on his head upon the rails, inflicting severe wounds. He was instantly taken up, conveyed home, and medical aid procured. After the horse had been caught a youth named Danby, of Hunmanby, was placed upon it, for the purpose of riding it home. He had not proceeded far before it became unmanageable, and, dashing off at full speed through the streets of Hunmanby, it came in contact with a horse and cart, which were standing near the Swan Inn, and such was the violence of the collision that the cart was broken in pieces. The rider was, of course, thrown, but fortunately alighted upon his feet, and was uninjured. The horse was caught a second time, and ridden home, but evidently suffering greatly from the terrible collision.

On Sunday morning, about seven o'clock, Captain Francis Minchin, a veteran officer, late of the 51st Foot, and Military Knight of Windsor, was found lying dead upon his bed at his residence, 17, Lower Ward, Windsor Castle, by his servant, who, according to her usual custom, had entered the room to unclose the shutters. The deceased officer had, it is understood, retired to rest in his usual health on the previous evening. Captain Minchin had seen a great deal of active service in the Peninsular war, and had received the Waterloo medal as a reward for distinguished services. His decease will make another vacancy on the royal foundation—the establishment of the Military Knights of Windsor consisting of eighteen officers when full, thirteen on the royal and five on the lower foundation, the knights on the latter being removed to fill up vacancies on the royal foundation as they occur.

On Saturday the Rev. John Kennedy, curate of Gorton, committed suicide at his lodgings, at the house of Mr. Johnson. He had been labouring under great excitement during the few days past, in consequence of recent difficulties. On Sunday morning, not making his usual appearance, the people of the house knocked at his bed-room door, which was bolted. Having done this several times in vain, the door was broken open, and Dr. Brown, who was attending the deceased, and Police-constable Rogers upon entering found him lying on his left side on the floor in his shirt and stockings with a pillow under his head. His throat was cut nearly from ear to ear, and there was a tremendous gash twelve inches long, with a smaller one three inches long, across the stomach. A razor was lying near his left arm. He was unmarried and about thirty-five years of age.—*Manchester Examiner.*

SHOCKING TRAGEDY AT HACKNEY.

On Monday afternoon, Mr. Humphreys, the coroner for East Middlesex, opened an inquiry at the Fountain Tavern, Upper Clapton, into the circumstances attending the death of Henry Joseph Smith, a lad ten years old, who was found, at 8, Nightingale Villas, Nightingale-road, Hackney, on the previous Friday morning, with his head nearly severed from his body. His aunt, too, the alleged murderess, was also found in the same room, with her throat severely cut. She is now in the German Hospital, in a very precarious condition.

The jury having viewed the body of the child, Henry Carmichael was called. He said—I live at 8, Nightingale Villas, Nightingale-road, Hackney. I am a bell-hanger. The deceased was my nephew. His name was Henry Joseph Smith, and he was nine years old last December. He was the son of George Smith, a boot and shoe maker. Deceased was my nephew by my wife's side. I got up about a quarter to eight on Friday morning, leaving my wife and deceased in bed. I prepared their breakfast before I went out of the house. While I was down stairs, about half-past nine, I heard the boy cry out "Aunt, don't; pray don't, aunt," in the same way as he used to cry when his aunt was going to beat him. About a quarter of an hour after that I took up a cup of tea, and called out, "Aunt, here's your tea; why don't you open the door?" She did not answer me. I was not surprised at this, because I thought she was sulky. On the night before, when I got home, I noticed that the blinds were up. I said, "Why don't you draw the blinds down?" She replied, "Never you mind; that's my business. I have a reason for keeping them up." I said no more upon the subject, and we retired to rest at eleven o'clock. She got up three times during the night. She was in the habit of taking snuff, and sat up three times that night. This was somewhat unusual. When I got no answer, after knocking at the bedroom door, I went down stairs and commenced my work in the house. I was taking care of the house in which we lived. It was usual for me to breakfast as late as a quarter to ten o'clock. I was in the habit of getting up first, and I seldom did so before a quarter to eight. When I got no answer I thought my wife was in a bad temper because I put down the blinds when I got up. I slept in the first floor back, and I made the breakfast under that room on the basement. I did not hear my wife about while I was making the tea. I suppose she knew the blinds were down, because she might have heard me let them down. They were Venetian blinds. I was at work up till twelve or one o'clock. I then went in, and prepared some dinner. I hashed some cold beef which was in the house. I had often prepared dinner before. When it was ready I rang the bell, expecting my wife and the child would come down. I received no answer, and after waiting about a quarter of an hour, and finding they did not come down, I went up-stairs and tried the door, but finding it locked I said, "Aunt, are you coming down to dinner?" I received no answer. I said, "If you won't come down yourself, let the boy come down." Still there was no answer. I said, "You are in one of your tempers; why don't you come down; you know I must not break the door open?" To this I received no answer, and I went down stairs. At six o'clock I went up again, and said, "Aunt, are you going to have your tea?" I said, "I am going over to the shop, and if you don't like to come and have tea with me, you can have it during my absence." I then went down stairs, and went over to the shop to my brother. Previous to doing this I turned the loaf in one position, so that I might see if she sent the boy down in my absence. Upon returning I found it had not been disturbed. I said to myself this is a piece of cruelty keeping the boy without food, and again I went up-stairs and called out, "Aunt, if you don't open the door I will fetch a policeman and force it open," and with that I put my shoulder to the door and burst it open. It was dark at the time, but I knew where the mother was, and striking one I saw the boy lying on his stomach

on the bed, and my wife was in a sitting position with her head leaning against the wall. I instantly stooped down, and taking hold of her hand, I said, "Aunt, what have you done?" She made a gurgling noise in her throat and pointed to the poor boy on the bed.

The knife was here produced. It is an ordinary black-handled knife, the blade of which was covered with blood.

Examination continued: I identify the knife as my property. She used occasionally to stay in her room all day on Sundays, but I never knew her to shut herself up before without allowing me to communicate with her. Although she never did this before it did not strike me as being peculiar, except her keeping the boy without food. At dinner-time I called to the boy, but he did not answer. I did not consider that strange, because I thought his aunt prevented his speaking. Years ago my wife and I did not live happily together, but of late we have lived without quarrelling. She would, almost without a cause, sulk occasionally. She had of late an idea that people conspired together to do her some evil. She never referred to any one in particular. I have asked her if she knew of any one doing so. She would never say, and often replied, "I will put my trust in God; I fear no man." I have not of late been pestered by peculiar difficulties. I formerly kept a shop at Clapton, and had to leave it from misfortune. We were living in the villas rent free, and the furniture seen there by the jury was all I possessed. I am not in so good a position as I was formerly. This, no doubt, pressed upon my wife's mind. I know of no other circumstances likely to weigh upon her mind. But when she was a girl she received a severe blow on the head. She had no children. I think her sulky temper arose from the injury she received to her head when young. She was of sober habits. She has been removed to the German Hospital. I had no reason to apprehend that anything was wrong until I forced the door open. She was very kind to the deceased boy. I have heard her say, "This is a wicked world to live in, my dear boy," throwing her arms round his neck. She has said also, "I have had a hard struggle in it, and I trust you will never have such a struggle." I never heard her threaten to take her life.

Charles John Carmichael: I am a smith. I have known my brother's wife ever since she has been married. It is publicly known that his wife has been strange in her conduct. It has been put down to temper, instead of to other causes. I should say when she committed the act she was deprived of her ordinary reason of knowing right from wrong. She and her husband sometimes quarrelled—when he had a little in his head. A very little drink will upset him. I do not know of any recent quarrel between them. She was always kind to the child.

Inspector Morris, of the N Division: I was called into the house, 8, Nightingale-villas, on the Friday night in question, and when I went upstairs the knife produced was handed to me. I know nothing of the people personally. The only peculiarity I have seen about the woman's husband is the coolness with which he has sustained the shock throughout.

Dr. Charles Henry Welch: I was called to the deceased on Friday night. He was lying on his stomach; his legs were divided. There was a pool of blood at each knee, and the right side of his face was buried in the pillow. There were two incisions in his throat, one two inches and a half long, and a second one, a little lower down, two inches long. The larger wound divided the jugular vein and all the arteries. Both wounds were from left to right. Death must have been instantaneous. The body was rigid. I should say he had been dead about two or three hours. The woman was in a sitting posture, bleeding profusely from the throat. I spoke to her. I said, "Did you do it?" She nodded, which led me to believe she meant "Yes." I stopped the bleeding, and ordered her instant removal to the German Hospital. I saw the knife found. It was lying by the side of the deceased's left leg. The knife was covered with blood, and was an instrument that would make the wound I found on the deceased. The cause of death was the incision in the throat. Although the wounds were from left to right, I am of opinion they could not have been inflicted by the boy himself.

By the jury: The woman's hands were covered with blood. The arms of the deceased were crossed, and the hands were clenched. I think the knife had been recently sharpened.

The jury retired to consider their verdict, and after an absence of ten minutes returned, and said they were not satisfied with the evidence laid before them, and the case was, consequently, adjourned till the 13th inst., with the view of getting more evidence upon the matter.

THE KING OF ITALY.

A FLORENCE letter thus describes the manners and habits of Victor Emmanuel:

"Victor Emmanuel has returned to his ancient capital, so dear to his heart. Though the Tuscan people received him most heartily, he did not feel comfortable in this city; he likes to see the old familiar faces of Piedmont, and to hear the subalpine dialect, which nobody understands at Florence. He is to remain at Turin for a month or so, and then return here to open the new parliament, and afterwards start off to his shooting-box on the Col di Tende. In fact, it is now pretty certain that though Florence becomes the capital, Turin will still remain the residence of the Sovereign. It is only in winter that the King is to stay among us. Though the King did not stop long at Florence, he made himself very popular. Once he walked down from Poggio Imperiale towards the Porta Romana, accompanied only by two aides-de-camp, and met a peasant carrying oats to Poggio. The King, who was not recognised, stopped the cart, wanted to see the oats, spoke to the peasant about his farm and the market prices, helped him to replace his bags on the cart, and at last gave him three dollars to buy a new pipe, as the old one he was smoking had such an offensive smell. Then only the peasant recognised the King, and told the incident to everybody whom he met, declaring that the King knew more about farming than anybody else. Victor Emmanuel likes to enter into conversation with the Italians when he sees that they do not know him, and many anecdotes are told of him which remind us of Haroun Al Raschid. Once he shot a hare in sight of a peasant, near Racarigi, who at once came to him, and asked him whether he would not like to earn a mite (fourpence), as he was such a capital shot. 'A fox,' said the peasant, 'comes every day before dawn to my farm, and carries my hens and chickens away. If you come and kill him, you may have the skin and a mite.' The King promised to do so, and on the following day kept his word. At four o'clock in the morning he was on the farm, shot the fox, got the mite, and showing it on his return to the palace, said, 'I shall keep that mite; it is the first money I have ever earned by real work.' Of course, he sent a new dress to the farmer's wife, who was always proud to show the King's present at all the country fetes. Thus Victor Emmanuel wins the heart of the people and becomes popular; but he does not like the *Mestiere del re*. To receive the aristocracy at drawing-rooms, to be present at great dinners, or at Court balls, is his de-
testation, and he leaves that portion of the duties of royalty to his uncle, the Prince of Carignano, and to his sister-in-law, the Duchess of Genoa. His sons, too, the Princes Umberto and Amadeo, relieve him of the tiresome duty of holding Courts; his own tastes are more simple and more manly, but his greatest happiness would be to lead a charge of cavalry against the Austrians. This is the reason why he is far more popular with the soldiers, the peasants, and the townspeople, than with the aristocracy, who for a moment succeeded in routing the people of Turin against him; but now he is again as popular as ever he was. If the upper classes received him coolly, the people were full of enthusiasm—happy to see their honest King."

Foreign News.

FRANCE.

The recent news from Mexico is exciting much uneasiness in Paris, and probably more than might be but for the impression prevailing that the Government are withholding despatches which contain intelligence still more unfavourable than any that has yet reached the public. A correspondent believes that 5,000 men will be despatched in the course of the next two months to reinforce the French troops in Mexico.

AMERICA.

THE CAPTURE OF CHARLESTON.

THE correspondence of the *New York Herald*, written off Charleston, February 18, gives the following:—

"This day has witnessed the pride of all our victories, not in point of sanguinary fighting, but moral effects. The city which gave birth and guided the infant steps of the rebellion, and for nearly four years, behind her impregnable defences of nature and art, has defied repeated efforts of the national army and navy, has at last succumbed to the flag she so rudely tore from the staff of Sumter. There is something supremely agreeable in this humiliation, and it is but fair to wish that the fullest retribution will be meted out to this infamous city as a warning to all time. The leniency of our institutions nurtured the rebellion in its inception, but we hope sincerely that one good example will be made, as a counterpart to the fatal magnanimity that has characterized our Government, and that the mischief done by the historically mischievous city may redound severely to her punishment. When we re-enact in memory the stupendous experiences that intervened, the national humiliation at Sumter in 1861, and the triumphant power of the nation of 1865, we witness an age of blood and horror; but all this is forgotten in the single fact that Charleston is taken. We have at least the consolation, if this be a return for human sacrifices, that the national honour has been sustained, and that the old flag to-day looks transcendently more beautiful upon the wreck of Sumter than when, in listless peace, it played in the breeze an unsolved problem, an emblem of a confederation, the perpetuity of which rested upon the generosity, the noble will, of sovereign States. The first sign of the glorious event of to-day was witnessed before daybreak this morning. As we lay at our anchorage, surrounded by the blockaders, our attention was attracted by a lurid and vivid flash, for an instant illuminating the whole western horizon, disclosing in the darkness innumerable fragments flying in all directions, followed by a dense column of smoke and flame, and soon the report of a terrible explosion. The shock was discernible in the fleet. Immediately after, other fires were to be seen in several parts of the city, and it was supposed that Sherman had made his appearance in the rear of the city, or that the enemy was evacuating. It was anxiously we awaited the issue of our speculations. Shortly after daylight the evacuation of Charleston was discovered by the videttes on James Island. The agreeable tidings were immediately communicated to Brigadier-General Alexander Schimmelpenninck, and preparations were at once made for occupation. At ten o'clock this morning the city and fortifications were possessed by a portion of General Alexander Schimmelpenninck's command from James and Morris Islands. Lieut.-Colonel A. G. Bennett, 21st United States Coloured Troops, and Colonel Ames, 3rd Rhode Island Artillery, are said to have been the first in the city. The time of the evacuation is not precisely known, though the picket-boats in the harbour report unusual stir at Fort Sumter and Moultrie during the entire night, and the last troops are reported to have left at six a.m. In the occupation no opposition was made by the enemy, and his pickets withdrew upon the appearance of the Union troops. After the evacuation a large number of stragglers remained in the city to gratify their propensity for pillage, and only withdrew, bearing their booty with them, when closely pressed by the Union troops. A large number of men took advantage of the hasty departure of their decamping comrades by secreting themselves in vacated residences, and, when fairly certain of their safety, made their appearance in the streets, and surrendered to the first squad of Union troops they met. The stories were as usual—disgrace and thoroughly satisfied belittles propensities. The confiscations which we witnessed this morning proved to have been the burning of immense quantities of cotton, and the explosions were caused by the destruction of magazines, warehouses, and depots. In one of the latter large quantities of powder were stored. A train was set and ignited by a rebel soldier, who remained behind for that work. The buildings were filled with half-finished inhabitants of the city, picking up rice and corn, and it is reported they were all killed by the force of the explosion or crushed beneath the debris of the tumbling building. There was but one known practical exhibition of the Moscow devotion, and that was in the case of a defunct owner, who set his house on fire and took his departure with the rearguard of the enemy. This act of harmless rage, we presume, did not materially embarrass or endanger the occupation of our forces. At daylight the rams in front of the city were blown up, also ten 15-inch Blakely guns on the wharf battery were burst. The remaining six guns were spiked and the carriages destroyed. That portion of the city exposed to our shells is almost in ruins, and had long been abandoned by its occupants. The buildings were either entirely demolished or so much destroyed as to necessitate entire reconstruction. The streets are filled with rubbish, and here and there a shell or solid shot exhibits the agent of such destruction. The population remaining in the city consists entirely of negroes and the poorer classes of whites. Many of them are said to rejoice greatly in the change of administration. Major-General Gillmore left Hilton Head, S.C., in his flag-boat, W. W. Colt, for Bull's Bay, at 1 a.m. Upon perceiving indications of the evacuation he pushed immediately up to the city and landed. Captain H. M. Bragg, of his staff, in a small boat, visited Fort Sumter and placed the national colours on the parapet. There are four columbiads and five howitzers in the port. A rebel flag, discovered hid under a pile of rubbish, was brought off by Captain Bragg. There are a large number of guns in the works around the city, and in the forts in the harbour. It is also said the approach to the city is lined with torpedoes. As yet no explosions have been reported. Sherman, with his itinerant army, has already visited Branchville, Columbia, and Lexington, and continues to prosecute vigorously his journey. It is said he is determined to visit all the coast cities in his tour to Richmond. As we are about taking our departure, the fleet presents a magnificent variety of bunting in the shape of the national colours, insignia of command, and signal flags. The gallant tars crowd the rigging, and are freely ventilating their lungs with deep inhalation and loud huzzas."

A WEALTHY BANKRUPT.—A lady was recently committed to Bristol Gaol, arrested for a debt of £50, when the governor informed her that in a month he would have to return her as a defaulter, when she would be adjudged a bankrupt, and her property, if any, divided amongst the creditors. She intimated that she had no property, and therefore must abide the result. On being afterwards searched, according to the rules of the prison, £800 was found secreted in her dress.

REMARKABLE EXHIBITION. FAMILY SEWING AND EMBROIDERING MACHINES for every home, are the simplest, cheapest, and best; doing every variety of domestic and fancy work in a superior manner. Little free. Whight and Mann, 148, Holborn Bars, London. Manufacturers, Ipswich. (Advertisement.)

TOTAL DESTRUCTION OF SAVILLE-HOUSE,
LEICESTER-SQUARE

The Rev. W. R. Jolley also accompanies Prince Arthur on the tour. The Prince and Princess of Wales went to the Lyceum Theatre on Saturday evening.

BETTING AT TATTERSALL'S.

(t 25 to 1); 25 to 1 agt Lord Chagosa (t); 33 to 1 agt Mr. T. Wadlow's Christian as
Mr. Merry's Zambel (t); 33 to 1 agt Mr. T. Wadlow's Christian as
Carol (t); 49 to 1 agt Count F. de Lestrang's Gladiateur (t); 500
to 1 agt Mr. T. Parr's Friday (t); 1,000 to 10 agt Mr. W. Clark's
Black Draught (t)

SILVER MEDAL was given by the SOCIETY OF ARTS for its utility, durability, and cheapness. 300,000 have already been sold. To be had

Storm (Gainstorough); Jephtha's Bash Vow (Opie) The
were sold by auction, by Christie and Manson, at Savil
when the Indemnent upon Cain, which con

impression of Hogarth's allegorical "The Emancipation of the Negroes,"
sold for 25%.

that the committee declared that they had tied the brothers the dreaded knot, and with as much severity as was practicable.

was locked up in prison.

PARKING and GOTTRO'S FARM WAREHOUSE for sale, or to be let by post for twenty-eight stamps, fitted with Writing-paper, Envelopes, Pencils, and Pens, Binding-book, &c. THE PRIZE OF TWENTY GUINEAS AND SILVER MEDAL was given by the SOCIETY OF ARTS for its utility, durability, and cheapness. 800,000 have already been sold. To be had of PARKING and GOTTRO, 25, Oxford-street, London.—[Advertisement].



CHINESE TANKA WOMAN.



CHINESE LADY OF QUALITY.

SKETCHES IN CHINA.

THE TEMPLE AT MACAO, NEAR CANTON.

TOWARDS the middle of the sixteenth century, the town of Macao was no more than a barren rock, known only to fishermen, who found there a shelter from the tempest, and who sometimes landed with offerings to their goddess, in honour of whom they have here erected a temple. According to an old tradition, in which the people along the coast have great faith, an immense fleet of junks arrived at Folien, and when about to set sail, a maiden, richly dressed, made her appearance on board one of the junks, and insisted on the fleet remaining in the harbour, because of a fearful typhoon which she predicted would arise. The junks, with one exception, remained at anchor, and this one had scarcely left the harbour when the tempest burst, and the rash vessel was dashed to pieces. When all danger was over, the maiden desired the fleet to weigh anchor, expressing her intention of accompanying it to its destination. The

voyage was a fortunate one. As soon as the fleet was moored, the mysterious maiden leapt on to a heap of rocks near the shore, and suddenly disappeared from the eyes of the astonished seamen. It was now evident to all the fleet that this mysterious female must be a goddess; and, out of gratitude for the protection she had given them, the seamen decided on erecting to her memory a temple on the spot where she had disappeared. The temple was named "A-ma-ko," which means "Palace of the Goddess A-ma"—a name she had given herself. The Portuguese traders, who established themselves at the eastern extremity of the peninsula, where the temple in question was situated, soon corrupted the A-ma-ko into Macao. For many centuries the temple raised by the devout mariners presented a very simple appearance; but when the development of commerce with the Europeans had attracted to Macao a large population, the native merchants subscribed a sum of money, and shortly raised the temple, views of which we have engraved. The interior is most elaborately ornamented with images and lan-

terns, and the exterior is richly gilded and painted. Visitors are allowed to see the temple, and are graciously received by the priest, who invariably invites them to take some refreshment, and then produces a book, in which he requests the visitor's signature; nor does he omit to solicit a subscription towards defraying the expenses of the festival given every year on the terrace of the temple.

TANKA WOMEN AND CHINESE LADY OF QUALITY.

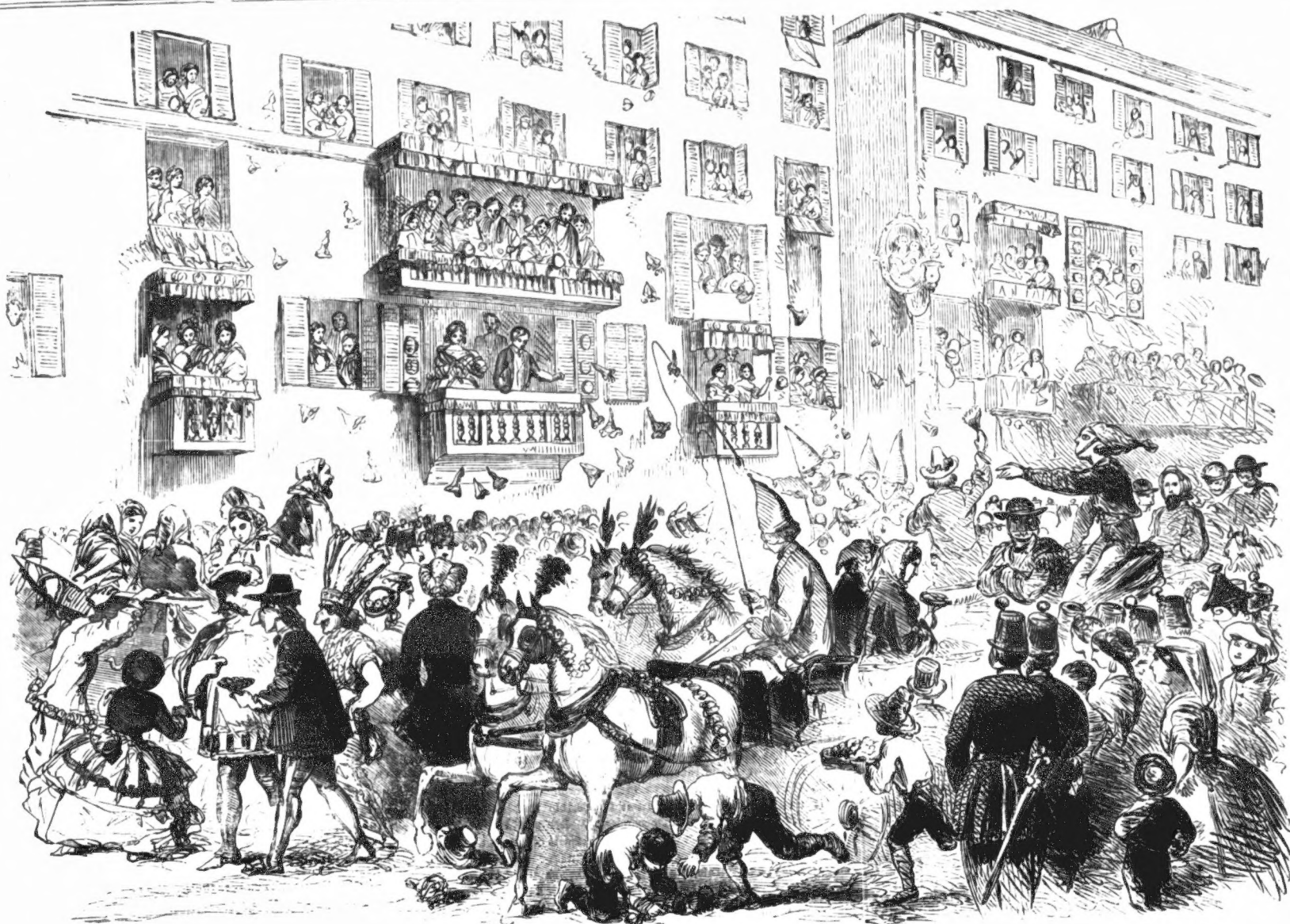
On referring to our other two illustrations, our readers will perceive as much difference between the Chinese Tanka woman and the lady of quality, as there is between our Billingsgate fish-woman, or a St. Giles's apple-woman, and our own illustrious fair ladies of Belgravia. Like the former, the Tanka women lead a most laborious life, and are out in all weathers, consequently this does not add to their beauty; while the latter are reared in every luxury, and are provided with every appliance to aid them in heightening their charms.



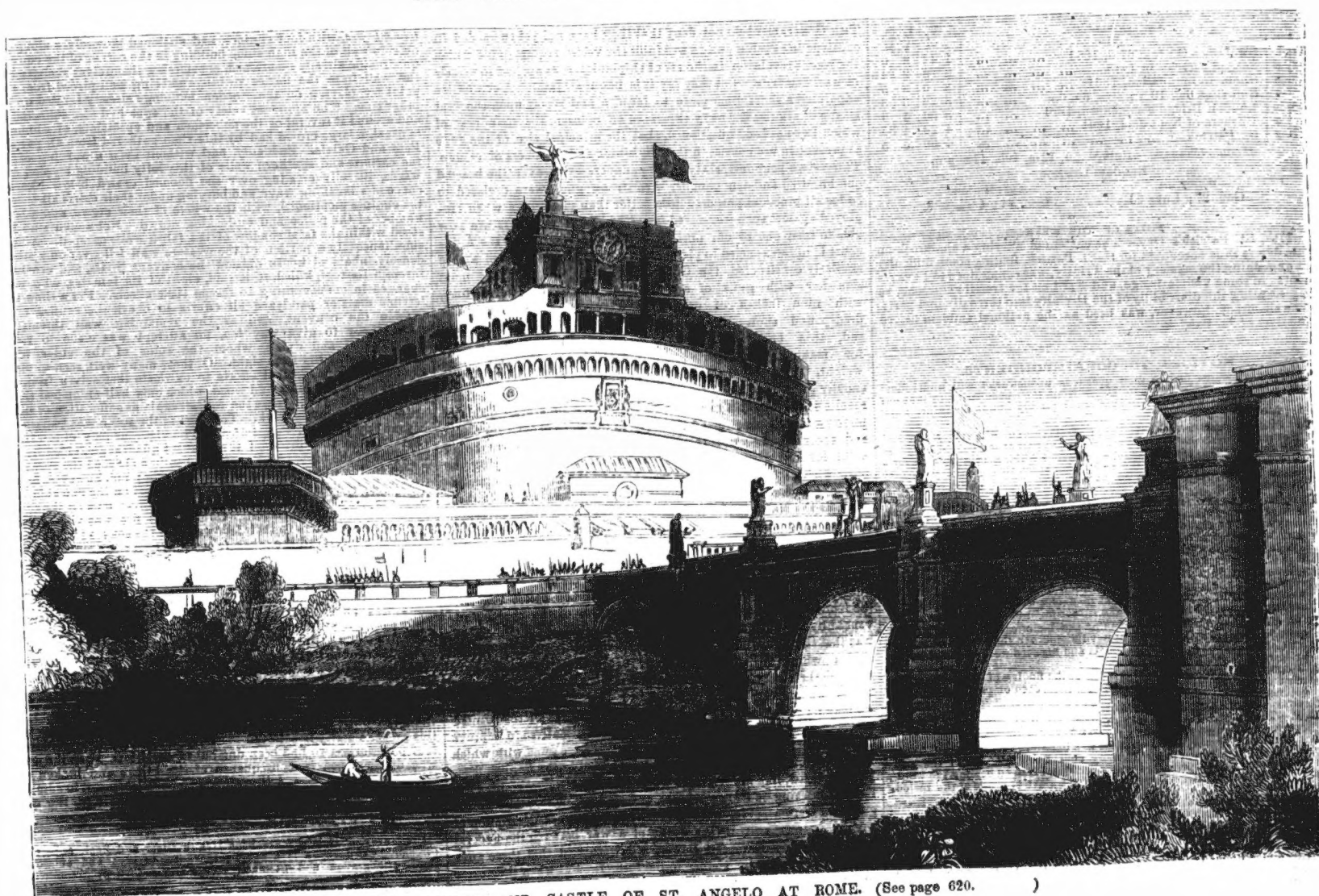
THE ESPLANADE OF THE GRAND TEMPLE OF MACAO.



THE GRAND TEMPLE OF MACAO.



SCENE FROM THE CARNIVAL AT ROME. (See page 620.)



THE BRIDGE AND CASTLE OF ST. ANGELO AT ROME. (See page 620.)

NOTICE.

Every purchaser of No. 33 of BOW BELLS, now publishing, is entitled to receive

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beautifully executed, and printed on toned paper, either to be bound in with the Volume when completed, or for insertion in

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Illustrated by W. H. PRIOR.

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By A. DE LAMARTINE—Illustrated by HENRY ANSLAY.

THE STORM.

From a Painting by M. A. M. MONTAUBA.

THE WOMAN OF THE WORLD.

By LADY CLARA CAVENDISH.

FIELD STONE PICKERS OF BRITANNY.

From a Painting by M. SERVIS.

Isabella; or, The Adventures of a Nun—Gamblings and—Gatherings—Clippings from "Punch," "Fun," and "Comic News."

London: J. DICKS, 313, Strand.

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The opening chapters of this new and charming novel, by

ELIZA WINSFLEY,

with illustrations by T. H. Wilson, are now publishing in No. 30 of

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CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

ANNIVERSARIES.

D.	O.		H. W.	L. B.
11	S.	Sir James Outram died, 1863	4 12	2 0
12	S.	Second Sunday in Lent	2 18	2 34
13	M.	Sheffield inundation, 1864	2 50	8 5
14	T.	Sun rises 6h. 18m; sets, 6h. 0m.	3 20	3 33
15	W.	London Bridge commenced, 1824	3 50	4 3
16	T.	Duchess of Kent died, 1861	4 20	4 35
17	F.	St. Patrick	4 50	5 5

Moon's Changes.—Full Moon, 12th, 10h. 42m. a.m.

Sunday Lessons.

MORNING.

Gen. 27; Luke 23.

AFTERNOON.

Gen. 34; 1 Thes. 3.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

17th, St. Patrick's Day.—The custom of wearing a shamrock on this day is thus accounted for:—St. Patrick, finding some difficulty in explaining the mystery of the Trinity, was constrained to have recourse to some visible image, and fixed on the trefoil shamrock, as representing the divisibility of the Divinity into three distinct parts. The shamrock, however, was used as the national emblem before the time of St. Patrick.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

* * * Correspondents finding their questions unanswered will understand that we are unable to do so, either from their peculiarity, or that our correspondence with little trouble could readily obtain the information themselves.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.—THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS and REYNOLDS'S MISCELLANY sent post-free to any part of the United Kingdom for three penny postage stamps. Persons wishing to subscribe for a quarter, so as to receive the two newspapers through the post, may remit a subscription of 3s. 3d. to Mr. JOHN DICKS at the Office 313, Strand.

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B. W. (Leicester-square).—You will find the historical particulars you require in our account of the fire at Saville House in the present number.

R. C. (Lillingham).—Yes. Charles Dibdin and his sons were at one time proprietors of Sadler's Wells Theatre.

A. J. (Lutterham).—Coroners preserve records of the finding of the jury and the minutes of evidence taken, which may be searched on paying a fee at the coroner's office.

BERNARD-MAJOR.—The age of the Earl of Cardigan is sixty-seven.

R. P.—The Spanish Cortes is very similarly constituted to our own British parliament, though not in every respect.

AN ADMIRAL (Birmingham).—Haniel was buried in Westminster Abbey. The monument raised to his memory consists of a statue of the great composer. He is represented with a scroll in his hand bearing the words, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," with a staff of music of the melody of the words.

REYNOLDS.—We are not aware of it; but Poppy says that Sir William Davanant, to whom Charles I. granted a patent in 1634, continued recreation and music after the manner of the ancients, at Endland House, Bridgewater-square, and subsequently at the Cockpit, till the Restoration, when the few players who had not fallen in the wars or died of poverty assembled under Davanant at the Red Bull Inn, Clerkenwell. He also says, "The actors' clothes were very poor, and the actors but common players."

N. W. (Blackfriars-road).—We do not publish a title and index to the Illustrated Weekly News. You can, therefore, bind the numbers to suit your own convenience.

THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

SATURDAY, MARCH 11, 1865.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

THE American war is now entering, with unexpected rapidity, into the phase which it was thought would have succeeded its first campaign. The Federals have captured the seaports of the Confederates, and apparently established, except at one point, their ascendancy in the field. The Confederates, crippled by the loss of their contraband trade, but relieved from the maintenance of maritime garrisons, are retreating into the interior of their immense territories, and preparing to encounter with diminished but concentrated forces the next operations of their adversaries. A few months will probably teach us what to expect from the strategy of Sherman and the tactics, rather accepted than designed, of Beauregard and Lee. The progress of the Federals to this point has been due to the advantage gained by General Sherman over the army especially opposed to him. For the last two years the war has been mainly conducted by two great armies on either side. The armies of Virginia, under Lee and Grant, respectively contended for the possession of Richmond. The armies of Tennessee, as they were called, under Johnston and Sherman, disputed the command of the south-west. In Virginia the Confederates maintained the success which had distinguished their former campaigns in that State, and inflicted on the enemy a series of bloody repulses. Still, though Grant could not take Richmond, he could not be driven away from it, and he improved thus far on the achievements of his predecessors, that he retained his footing on Virginian soil. Instead of withdrawing his army, and congratulating his countrymen on its "safety," as former generals had done, he held his ground with unquenchable obstinacy, pushed incessantly at every point of promise in the Confederate lines, and thus kept in check the best general of the South. Though he was not successful himself, it was he who enabled Sherman to become so. Lee and his army were neutralized by Grant's tenacity, and Sherman, without fear of interruption from that quarter, pursued indefatigably his own designs. These designs have led to the most memorable events of the war. President Davis once said that if Richmond were taken the war would still be maintained for twenty years in Virginia alone, and the truth of the saying may soon be tested. It is even now reported that the evacuation of Richmond is in contemplation, and that General Lee will transfer his command to Lynchburg. In the end it is thought that Sherman may join Grant, and that the two Federal armies may be formed into one; but if Lee is also joined by Beauregard it is possible that his military genius may still give him the ascendancy. Lee and Beauregard are at the head of unbroken armies, and the spirit of the South has rather been raised than depressed by its recent reverses. But one Federal army, at any rate, can range at will over Southern territory, and the feeling of the South under this infliction is a most important point to be ascertained. The Federals have recovered their military reputation, but if the South is still resolved to stand out to the end they have made but little progress towards the conclusion of the war.

THE Government do not deny that they have not yet succeeded in constructing such a gun as will fulfil the varied requirements which the recent revolution in the art of shipbuilding, as applied to vessels of war, demands. But they say it is not their fault. A committee appointed a short time since to inquire and report upon the best means of arming the navy expressed an opinion, the soundness of which has not been questioned, that the principal vice of the guns at present in use consist in their lightness and smallness of calibre. Thirty-two pounders, sixty-eight pounders—nay, even the boasted one-hundred-and-ten pounder Armstrong gun—were declared to be for all practical purposes little better than playthings when employed against such iron-clad frigates as naval engineers are now able to turn out of our dockyards. If the Warrior or the Agincourt is to be expected to pierce with her guns the sides of a ship similarly constructed, the Government were told that they must arm her with guns of a minimum weight of twelve tons, with nine inches of calibre, and carrying a three-hundred-pound shot. Such was the advice of the committee; and, this being so, the Government are now blamed for making guns of seven-inch calibre and six tons weight. The Admiralty admit that they are still making the smaller guns, but justify their conduct on the ground, first, that the results of experiments have shown that these guns are capable of piercing targets constructed similarly to the sides of our iron-clads; and secondly, because they would prefer having some better authority for putting the country to the expense of supplying the navy with guns of twelve tons weight than the mere recommendation of a committee of the House of Commons. Some of these guns, as the Marquis of Harrington told the house, are in process of construction, and an early opportunity will be sought of testing their efficiency; but, until that opportunity has presented itself, the nation will not thank the Admiralty much to blame in declining to construct an immense number of the most costly description of guns, which might not improbably be condemned before they left the foundries in which they were made. One of the charges advanced by Mr. Baillie, and certainly a most serious one if established, was that the Governments of other States have overcome the difficulties which to us have been insurmountable, and have manned their navies with guns much more efficient than those which we possess. The accuracy of this statement, however, we may be permitted to doubt. The Government of the United States, for example, have had the strongest incentives to improve their naval artillery, and boast that they possess guns with which they could sink in a few minutes any iron-clad in the English fleet. But this boast, like many others which our transatlantic cousins delight in uttering, is simply a boast, and nothing more. The Parrot guns, we were assured, were superior to any other description of naval ordnance, and, in the event of a war between the Federal States and any European Power, we were told that these guns alone would give the victory to the former. But when they came to be employed in actual service what was the result? They almost invariably burst. In his official report of the bombardment of

Fort Fisher, Admiral Porter declared that the Parrot guns were completely unsuited for naval use, or indeed for any other. The discovery of the best gun for naval service is only to be made by a long series of careful experiments, and the House of Commons did well in refusing to entrust to a committee of gentlemen entirely unacquainted with the art of gunnery a task which, of necessity, they would be utterly incompetent to fulfil.

THE PRACTICAL GARDENER.

GARDENING OPERATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

KITCHEN GARDEN.—Now that the weather has set in somewhat favourable for out-door work, no time should be lost in attending to all the details given for the past few weeks. Continue to sow hardy annuals, and put in cuttings of budding-out plants in pots. Harden off calceolarias. Look over the beds and patches where bulbs have been planted, and where necessary. Stir the surface of the soil. Shift climbers into larger pots, to get them ready for planting out. Finish planting herbaceous plants as soon as possible. Increase hollyhocks and dahlias by propagation. Stir the surface of the beds of pinks and pansies, and give them a top dressing of rich compost. Give lawns a good rolling after rain, and let all fresh turfing be completed. Finish general alterations.

KITCHEN GARDEN.—Make additional sowings of broad beans and peas. Sow cabbage, cauliflower, lettuce, radishes, Scotch kale, savoy, Sowjalsafy in drills. Plant Jerusalem artichokes. Sow celery for general crop in a gentle heat. Plant horseradish. Sow seed for early winter supply of Brussels sprouts. Continue planting potatoes. Make fresh beds of rhubarb and sea-kale without delay.

FRUIT GARDEN.—See last week's instructions; look to graftings; head down old trees; and graft young stock as soon as possible.

GREAT FIRE AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

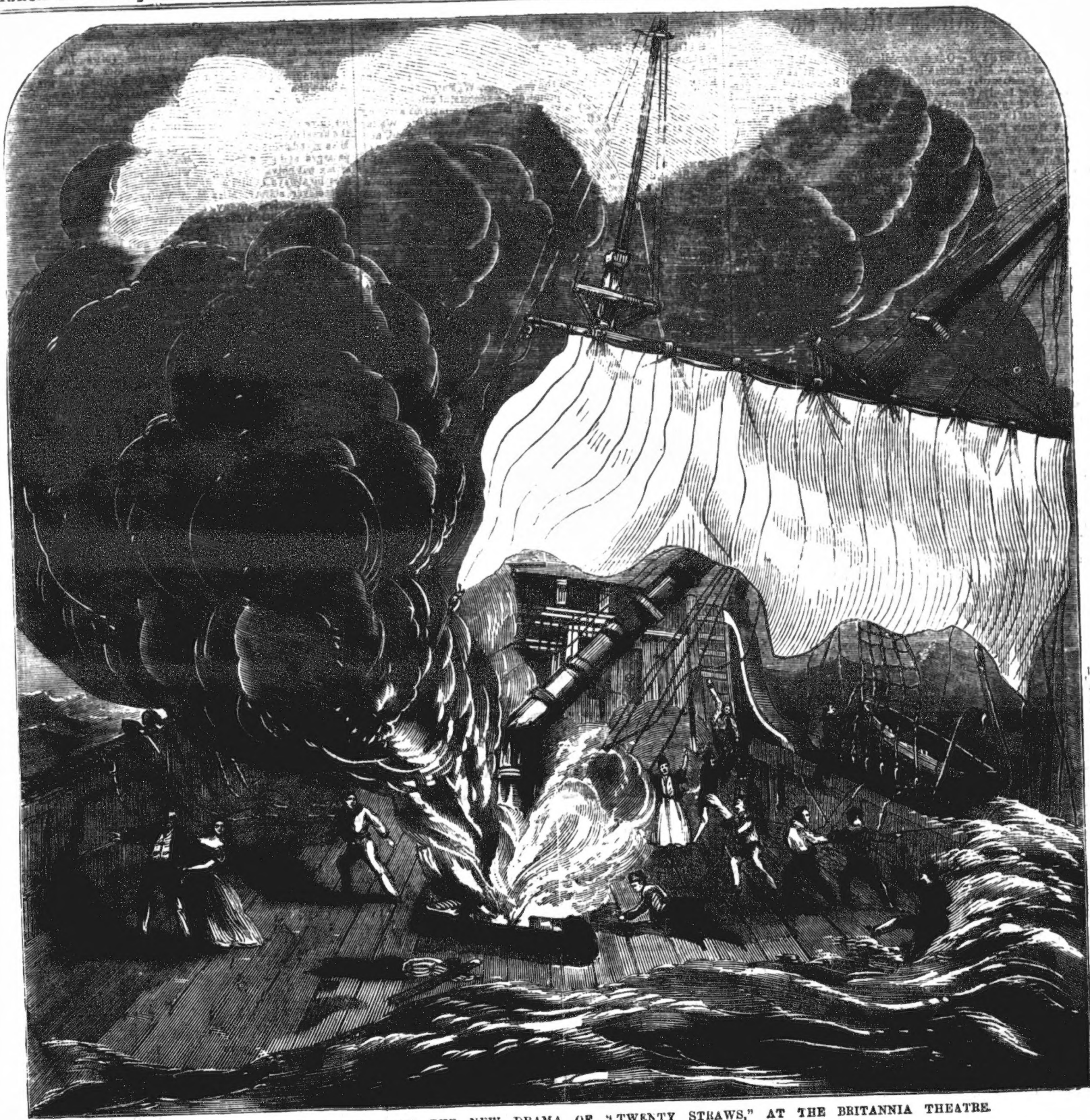
By far the most terrible calamity which has shocked the public mind of Constantinople for thirty years past happened at Galata on Monday night, the 20th of February. Shortly after eleven o'clock on the night in question a fire broke out in one of the wings of the Roman Catholic convent of St. Benoit, and, notwithstanding the utter absence of wind, the flames rapidly spread to the adjoining apartments, and thence to the thickly-clustering houses outside the convent enclosure. The fire quickly spread its own alarm, and within little more than half an hour after its first appearance nearly a dozen fire-engines, with a strong muster of *toulumbajees*, a numerous force of police, and a company of marines from the arsenal were on the spot. Halli Pasha also arrived promptly from Tophaneh with half a company of artillerymen, and the foreign gunboats in the harbour at the same time despatched each a fire-engine and a strong crew to work it. The intricate arrangement of the building, however, coupled with almost entire want of water, for a while defied all attempts to reach the rapidly extending flames, which soon engulfed the whole north-eastern angle of the convent, and flinging their fiery spray across the narrow streets on either side, ignited the wooden houses along a line of more than 100 yards. The first efforts of the salvors were directed to the large stone building in the corner of the quadrangle which formed the sleeping-quarters of the Sisters and the female pupils of the establishment. These were all safely rescued, but barely with the clothes they were able to wrap round them in the moment of escape. While this was being effected inside the enclosure the fire was making rapid progress among the houses outside. The whole of these being of wood, and as dry as tinder, the flames literally licked up house after house till stopped in their progress, on the one side, by a pile of stone buildings down near the Armenian church, and on the other towards Tophaneh by a wide gap effected by the demolition of a row of hovels in that direction. In the meantime, however, the great disaster of the night had happened. Shortly after midnight a body of some sixty *toulumbajees*, with four engines, had stationed themselves along the outside wall of the high stone building in the corner of the convent quadrangle already mentioned, considering themselves sheltered by the wall from the flames within, and being well placed from that point for playing on the wooden buildings already ignited on the other side. The apparent safety of the spot had also collected on and around it several of the policemen and spectators, of whom, as is usual, a large crowd had by this time gathered from all parts of Pera and Galata. Suddenly, and without even a warning crack, the eastern and southern walls of this lofty building toppled outwards, literally cresting over the doomed crowd below like the curve of a breaking wave, and burying under their debris all four of the engines mentioned, with the whole of their crews, and a large number of the police and on-looking crowd. Not a man who had stood within the fatal shadow of the fallen walls escaped. Almost simultaneously a portion of the western wall fell over on a small, densely-inhabited house outside the convent limits, and crashing through its roof, killed, it is said, eight of its inmates, who were engaged in endeavouring to rescue their effects. For a time this terrible disaster paralyzed all efforts to check the conflagration outside the convent, and as the remaining wall threatened momentarily to give way too, no attempt was made to reach the mangled and dying, whom the ruins of the outer walls had only partly hid from sight. Of these many were seen to make agonising but ineffectual efforts to extricate themselves from the charred masses of brick and wood which only half-entombed them, and then gradually to cease the vain struggle as suffocation or other cause of death did its work. This part of the scene was harrowing beyond any power of description. The vigorous play of the ships' engines from the inside of the convent quadrangle, aided by the calmness of the night, had in the meantime checked the spread of flames to the western wing of the building; not, however, before the small circular dome and roof of the chapel on the one side, and the dormitories of the female pupils and store-rooms on the other, had been seriously damaged. Outside, the fire was virtually unopposed, the disasters to their fellows under the convent wall having apparently unnerved the other *toulumbajees* on the ground. There was, besides, an almost complete want of water. It was not, therefore, till the flames had burnt themselves out on all sides to the gaps made in their path by the falling down of distant houses that the conflagration may be said to have been got under. This was about seven a.m., by which time, beside the damage done to the convent, in all forty-two houses and four shops had been destroyed. But for the providential absence of wind, however, this would have been but a trifling instalment of the widespread devastation that must have occurred; for had the flames spread down on the one side towards Tophaneh, or on the other crossed the old dyke higher up, the fire must have spread in one direction to far beyond the Yenikishlar, and in the other from the Tekke to the Russian palace. The total number of victims to this great calamity is believed to exceed 100. Up till yesterday at four p.m. forty-two had been dug out of the debris, when the work was discontinued in consequence of the bricks and broken roof timber nearer the base of the fallen walls being too hot to admit of further excavations. Among the killed is Ibrahim Bey, the chief of the Galata police.—*London Herald.*

UQUEBYNE.—"It is a marvellous Health Giver and Restorer."—*Court Circular.* "Uquebyne is a novel preparation, prompt and efficacious, curing Indigestion and Stomach complaints."—*Civil Service Gazette.*—[Advertisement.]

UQUEBYNE is the best remedy for Indigestion, Debility, Asthma, Winter Cough, &c. It is sold in bottles, with directions, at Poole's, 43, Fish-street-hill, near the Monument.—[Advertisement.]



THE CARNIVAL AT ROME.—SCENE IN THE CORSO. (See page 63.)



THE GREAT SENSATION SCENE, FROM THE NEW DRAMA OF "TWENTY STRAWS," AT THE BRITANNIA THEATRE

THE SENSATION SCENE IN "TWENTY STRAWS" AT THE BRITANNIA.

we have already noticed the production of this sensational piece at the Britannia, dramatised from Mrs Winstanley's exciting tale of "Twenty Straws," which first appeared in that popular periodical, **BOW BELLS**. As we now give an illustration of the principal scene of the drama, we follow it with an outline of the plot:—Howard Holding (Mr. J. Reynolds) falls into bad company, and at the instigation of Tom de Foix (Mr. T. G. Drummond) takes to the "read." With his associate he is captured and transported. Annie Holding, the young wife (Miss S. Miles), is furnished by some kind friend with money to take her and the infant Holding to Australia, so that she may rejoin her husband. While on board the Wellington, she is persecuted by the advances of a libertine, Colonel Stackhouse (Mr. J. Parry). To prove her right to respect as a married woman she shows him her certificate. He recognises the name at once, having been robbed by Howard, against whom he was the chief witness. He threatens to tell all on board the ship that she is a convict's wife if she will not encourage him, and the Colonel claim him her husband. This she refuses to do, and the Colonel becomes a greater coward still, telling the captain of the ship that she is his mistress. Annie reveals her true story to Captain Midbrook (Mr. E. Harding), and claims his protection, which he accords, banishing the Colonel from the cabin table. Stackhouse will not give up his pursuit of Annie Holding, and to prevent his villany being exposed at Sydney resolves to burn the ship. He enters the cabin where the young wife and her baby are sleeping, abstracts the child, and in the confusion of the fire and wreck gets away in a small boat with his victim. The storm and wreck of the Wellington are the great effects of the drama. Tom de Foix and Howard are next seen in convict dresses, at work under Government. Tom is sentenced for life, Howard for seven years. Lady Falkingham (Mrs. E. Yarnold), the Governor's wife, proves to be Tom's mother, she having secretly married her brother's tutor,

and then cruelly deserted him. This blow killed his father, but De Foix, swearing never to divulge the secret, pardons her. The wreck is reported, and of course Howard is ostracized. Annie and Colonel Stackhouse are seen alone on a small rock, but rescue is at hand. Tom de Foix is let down from the cliff above, and hauled up again with Annie in his arms. Belinda Pottersham, a snuff-taking old lady, who joins heart and soul against the Colonel, has also struggled to the rock, and in his temporary absence confiscates his boat. Stackhouse is Lady Falkingham's man, manager to have him arrested. Howard and his wife have again met, managers to have him arrested on a false charge. He and Tom de Foix are sent back into chains again. A revolt of the convicts, headed by Dalstone (Mr. R Bell), is exposed to the authorities by Howard, and twenty men take, each one, a *straw*, from a handful. Whoever has the longest has to bill Howard for betraying them, and as Dalstone rushes forward to the work, Tom de Foix interposes, and receives the death-blow intended for his friend. On this *tableau* the curtain falls.

We have previously alluded to the liberal and excellent manner in which the drama has been placed on the stage by Mr. Lane, the admirable scenery, and the efficiency of the actors performing in it; hence we need not repeat these remarks again.

Having thus sketched the plot of "Twenty Straws" at the Britannia, we will now add a little about the theatre itself. There are three distinct refreshment-rooms, upon the railway model, divided into first, second, and third-class—gallery, pit, and boxes. Though the tavern part of the establishment is now completely divided from the theatre, it still exerts its beneficial influence upon the character of the refreshments. Instead of proper vases, stony-hearted pastry, cherry-brandy like red turpentine and marbles, and inky port that has been in a dusty decanter from pantomime to pantomime, there is plenty of good wholesome beer and ale, joints of meat and leaves of bread, and sandwiches piled up like mahogany planks at a timber wharf. The spirits you get are spirits: the wine is wine. Bottled beer is confined to the first-class refreshment-room, and draught beer to the second and third. There are male

and female attendants in waiting, and every want is supplied in a manner that no other theatrical buidler has ever attempted. Walking along the broad passages, under the lofty arches and up the substantial stone staircases, the visitor, looking at the thick, plain walls, might fancy himself in the London terminus of the Great Northern Railway. The theatre can scarcely hold less than 4,000 people, the pit and gallery being the chief stronghold. The pit is so constructed that the stage can be seen from any point, and the gallery visitors, though equally as distant from the performers as they would be at Her Majesty's Theatre, can hear the slightest melodramatic "aside" upon the stage. The bill has to be varied pretty frequently, the first piece, after running a fortnight, generally going second for another fortnight, when it dies out for ever. An author is kept on the establishment, Mr. Hazlewood being the present occupier of the literary throne. With this provision, a steady audience for pit, gallery, and boxes is always found, without the unhealthy stimulant of any extraordinary or well-advertised attraction. This theatre may now be considered as having reached the climax of its importance. Twenty-five years ago it was a sing-song concert-room over a public-house; it then developed into a semi-dramatic, oblong s'loon, with a stage at one end, and a gallery at the other. The fury of authority fell upon it, and for a long time it lost its seating and music license, and dragged on a melancholy existence with a piano and a few male and female vocalists. It was during this period of its history, that a young man danced a couple of hornpipes one night (Lancashire clog and sailor's), and was much admired. His name was Flexmore, the late celebrated pantomimist. After some time the official furies were satisfied, and a large, but clumsy theatre sprang up in the place of the saloon, which was so constructed that those who tried to descend a ladder from the private boxes on the prompter's side, generally rang the curtain bell, and caused the farce or drama to terminate somewhat abruptly. A few more years pass by, and one day we hear that Mr. S. Lane is determined to rebuild his property. The old theatre is pulled down, and in four months upon a dismal waste the present building is erected.

Theatricals, Music, etc.

HER MAJESTY'S—Our deservedly popular English songstress and prima donna, Miss Louisa Pyne, took her benefit at this establishment on Saturday evening last, when "Satanella" was performed, Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Harrison sustaining their original characters of Satanella and Count Rupert. The opera was followed by a concert, in which Miss Pyne was assisted by Madame Parepa, Misses Susan Pyne, Susan Galton, and Anna Hiles, Madame Sainton-Dolby; Messrs. Harrison, Benwick, and Signor Marchesi, vocalists, and M. Sainton (violin), Mr. Leva (cornet-a-pistons), and Miss Julia Woolf (pianoforte), instrumentalists. We are pleased to record the fact that a crowded audience assembled and gave Miss Pyne an enthusiastic reception; in fact, she created quite a furore at her entrance, as well as at the conclusion of the opera. Bouquets were showered from all parts of the house; magnificent wreaths were let down from the boxes on to the stage; and, indeed, the scene was of that animated nature as not to be readily forgotten by those present. Gazing round the brilliant house, the sight which met the eye was really enchanting. But there was one empty box—that one box which is devoted to royalty. As a matter of course, it was not to be anticipated her Majesty would be present at the theatre which represents her name; but surely the Prince of Wales could have postponed his visit to the Lyceum on the same evening until another night? Had such been done, a more deserving tribute to the most admired of our English vocalists could not have been paid. It would also have been a just acknowledgment of the great services rendered to English opera by Miss Louisa Pyne, and her no less energetic colleague, Mr. W. Harrison. We cannot but think also that the patronage of the English opera on such an occasion would have been received with far more pleasure by the nobility and public at large than was that of the "special command" to Mr. Fechter to prepare his house for the reception of the royal visitors on this particular evening. On Thursday evening next Mr. W. Harrison takes his benefit, and we trust the house will be as well filled as on Saturday last. The opera of "Maritana" and a part of the "School for Scandal" will be performed.

COVENT GARDEN.—The season of the Royal English Opera company at this house is drawing to a close. Next week is the last of the season. "The Black Doctor" and the Pantomime have been the attractions for the week.

DRURY LANE.—The spirited manner in which Messrs. Falconer and Chatterton are managing Drury Lane this year will certainly make the season one of the most remarkable in the history of the theatre since the days that Mr. Macready presided over the fortunes of the house. This week "Cymbeline" has been played again, introducing Miss Helen Faucit, Mr. James Anderson, Mr. Walter Montgomery, Mr. Walter Lucy, Mr. H. Marston, and Miss Atkinson. On Tuesday, "Rochester" was performed, with Mr. Phelps as the Cardinal. On Wednesday, "As You Like It," Miss Helen Faucit appearing as Rosalind, Mr. James Anderson as Jacques, Mr. Walter Montgomery as Orlando, Mr. Walter Lucy as Touchstone, and Mr. G. Belmore as William. On Saturday (this evening), the "School for Scandal" is announced, with a cast which is certainly "a most powerful one." Mr. Phelps will be Sir Peter, Mr. James Anderson Joseph Surface, Mr. Walter Lucy Charles Surface, Mr. Barrett Sir Oliver, Mr. Robert Roxy Sir Benjamin, Mr. G. Belmore Crabtree, Mrs. Hermann Vezin Lady Teazle, Miss Rose Leclercq Maria, Miss O. Weston Lady Snodwell, and Mrs. H. Vandenhoff Mrs. Candour. With such entertainments, backed up by the pantomime and a new farce, in which Mr. G. Belmore, Mr. George Spencer, and Miss Helen Howard, will appear, it is singular indeed if they do not attract crowded houses.

OLYMPIA.—A new and original play, by Mr. Tom Taylor, has been produced here, the plot of which, for want of space, must stand over until our next.

LYCEUM.—On Saturday evening their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by the Dukes of Argyll and Sutherland, and attended by Viscount Torrington and the Hon. Mrs. Bruce, honoured this theatre by a visit for the occasion of which "Ruy Blas" was commanded. A cheer greeted the entrance of the Prince and Princess into the box set apart for their use; and when the curtain fell on "Simpson and Co." there were loud calls for his royal highness. But the Prince appeared to regard his visit as rather for his own amusement than as a sop to the curiosity of the miscellaneous public which had happened to secure admission. The Princess, however, was sufficiently well pleased with the gratifying evidence of the popularity of herself and her husband to bow her acknowledgments of the public's greeting. It is needless to say that the performances passed off with success.

ADELPHI.—Another favourite comedy has been revived at this house—namely, "The Love Chase," and has afforded an opportunity of bringing forward Miss Henrietta Sims as Constance. This young lady, in the part of Helen in "The Hunchback," had, a short time since, exhibited comic qualities for which she had not previously been accredited either by the manager or the public. Miss Henrietta Sims hitherto had sustained parts of a serious cast, and her last original character was the young lady in the play of "The Wine-shops of Paris," who kills herself through disappointed love. In this part she was ladylike and effective, and perhaps fulfilled the entire requisites of the character aimed at by the authors. It was an accident, we are told, which led to the part of Helen in the "Hunchback" being assigned to Miss Henrietta Sims. If this be the case, Mr. Webster has to congratulate himself on his good fortune, as the discovery of an unexpected and rare talent in one of his actresses may lead to the most satisfactory results. Miss Henrietta Sims's performance of Helen took most people by surprise, and the sensation it created was not to be mistaken, all the more creditable to the fair actress as she had been placed in juxtaposition with one of the most renowned tragediennes of the day. But the effect produced in Helen, however powerful, was far greater in Constance, which seemed still better to suit the powers and instincts of Miss Henrietta Sims. The performance, indeed, on Saturday night of this most sparkling and most exquisite of comic creations was received with the greatest enthusiasm. Every scene was accompanied by loud and continued applause, and a double recall at the close of the play, with vehement cheers and the throwing of bouquets, testified to the intense delight of the audience. That Miss Henrietta Sims made an extraordinary "hit" in Constance there is no gainsaying, and that her Constance is one of the most animated, ardent, and natural performances on the modern stage. The rest of the principal parts were thus distributed:—Master Walker, Mr. Billington; Sir William Fondlove, Mr. O. Stephenson; Wildrake, Mr. Benjamin Webster; Treworth, Mr. Ashley; Widow Green, Mrs. Stirling; and Lydia, Miss Sophie Young. Mrs. Stirling played the Widow Green for the first time, and Miss Sophie Young made her first appearance at the theatre. Where Miss Young comes from we cannot say. That she is no novice to the boards was apparent in a moment, even despite of nervousness which seemed to overwhelm her in the early scenes. The new actress is very young, very ladylike, graceful, of easy deportment, and is altogether highly prepossessing in appearance. How Mrs. Stirling filled out the part of the amorous Widow Green may be easily surmised. The performance was, indeed, a general and infinitely agreeable realisation of a popular stage personage. Of course there were recalls for the other artists besides Miss Henrietta Sims. Indeed, every part of the performance passed off with the greatest possible eclat. Miss Bateman, having recovered

from her recent serious illness, resumed on Tuesday evening her performance of Julia in "The Hunchback." She was rapturously received.

SADLER'S WELLS.—Mr. Edgar and Miss Marriott, ever anxious in the production of novelties, have now brought forward another exciting drama, under the title of "Baccarat; or, the Knave of Hearts." It is from the pen of Mr. W. Suter, and the reception it has met with gives promise of a successful career. Count de Chomery (Mr. Bennett), a very old millionaire, marries a young wife, and suspects the offspring of the marriage, Henri (Mr. Walter Joice), is an adulterine bastard. He believes the child dead, and with reason, for he has had the house set on fire for the purpose of destroying him. But the nurse saves him, and he grows up, and follows the profession of an artist. The old Count wishes to make his will, and Pierre Grignon (Mr. W. Ellerton) is sent for a notary; but a flower-pot being dropped upon Pierre's head, the notary does not arrive, and Roussel, the Knave of Hearts, personates him, and obtains from the Count all his valuables, after which the Count dies. Baccarat (Miss Marriott), a young lady of very humble origin, who has made a large fortune at the gaming-table, is in love with Henri, but he, though apparently loving her, is a faithless swain, and loves Violante (Miss E. Beaufort), the daughter of the Duke de Sallenderra (Mr. Foote). Roussel, with the aid of Joseph Frippert (Mr. G. Melville), determines to obtain for himself the five million francs of the Count, and must necessarily slay Henri. By artifice he gets Baccarat to lure her lover to his destruction in the whirlpool of Croissy. By appointment she goes to the island of Croissy, and sees Henri murdered by Roussel and Frippert in a boat, and afterwards witnesses the murder of Roussel by Frippert. The murderer escapes, and as the lady made a noise he tries unsuccessfully to find her, that he may make an end of her also. However, no one's life is lost but the boatman's. Frippert then personates Henri, and endeavours to obtain the hand of Violante, but he is thwarted by Baccarat, and in her chamber a struggle for life takes place, Baccarat being saved only by the timely appearance of Pierre. One more plot for her life is again laid. Frippert and Roussel entice her to a ruined vault below the level of the Seine, but instead of Baccarat coming, Frippert's mother, attired as Baccarat, makes her appearance. When Frippert is preparing to stab her he discovers it is his mother, and the scene at the mouth of the cavern dropping down suddenly, shuts them in. Determined not to die if he can help it, he strikes a hole in the side of the cave, and an inundation takes place, real water pouring in in an immense stream through the aperture. The curtain here falls, and on its rising the summer gardens and grounds of the Duke de Sallenderra are seen. In this spot the denouement takes place. Roussel presents Henri as the lawful Count de Chomery, successor to his father and heir to his property, to Violante. But he believes all the other knaves are dead. He reckons, however, without his host. Everyone is conveniently alive, and Baccarat, who has taken so large a share in the whole piece, has Roussel arrested, and herself restores the true heir to the lands of Chomery. She surrenders her lover, and feels happy in presenting him to Violante. Thus, of course, all ends well. Our sketch is necessarily a brief one. To have a perfect idea of the interest created by the play a visit to Sadler's Wells is absolutely necessary. That Miss Marriott, Mr. G. Melville, Mr. T. Mead, Misses Lizzie Wilmore, Lizzie Harrison, and Ellen Beaufort, who sustained the principal parts, performed their duty with great ability we need scarce add. The minor parts were represented by Mr. J. Mordant, Mr. M. Byrne, Mrs. Stevenson, and Miss E. Somers, and their performance gave unqualified satisfaction. The scenery is equal to any that has ever been produced at Sadler's Wells, and deserves the highest praise. The Garden of Madame Frippert, Baccarat's crimson apartment, the Red Tavern, the Town of Bouzeval, are all masterpieces of the scene painter's art. At the conclusion of "Baccarat" the performers were called before the curtain to receive the approbation they so well merited. "Love in the East" is the concluding piece, Mr. William Ellerton and Miss Lizzie Wilmore sustaining the principal characters.

ASTLEY'S.—"The Mariner's Compass," originally destined for the Surrey Theatre, was produced here on Saturday night by Mr. E. T. Smith. Mr. Henry Leslie, the author, is rapidly and most deservedly raising himself to a high position as a dramatic writer. The advantage to any author in having his productions first performed under the rule of such a liberal manager as Mr. E. T. Smith is quite obvious to the general public, and much more so to those acquainted with theatrical matters. No play has been withheld, nor trouble spared, to render the appointments of "The Mariner's Compass" absolutely perfect in every department. The whole drama is a series of elaborate scenic effects, which, in regard to accuracy and truth to Nature, have seldom been excelled. Messrs. Charles and William Brow have, in the first place, materially strengthened their reputation by their pictorial embellishments; and the life-like appearance of the highly effective scenes, as being dependent upon groupings, and the disposal of the numerous persons on the stage, could have been under no better control than that of Mr. Milazzo, who has invented an excellent ballet. This always-welcome episode was encoored by acclamation. A novel interest attaches to the prologue, as exhibiting the manner in which lives are saved by the rocket apparatus and life-lines, "kindly supplied by the Board of Trade," as stated in the bill. This occurs in the first of the Messrs. Brow's clever tableaux. The scene depicting the return of the shipwrecked mariner through the generosity of Ruby Dayrell is capitally managed. The Margate Jetty scene, with the sea by moonlight (sunset in the bill), is a charming specimen of the above artists' skill. The Old Water Mill, as an excellently-devised "set," is, perhaps, the greatest triumph of the many in this drama. For the effect of the moving wheel, the public and the author are indebted to Mr. Nash in connexion with this wheel is the great sensational scene of the drama, which is so full of incidents that we really cannot attempt to give the plot. Mr. Basil Potter was fitted with a character in which his earnest and careful acting was more than usually conspicuous. He met with a flattering reception, and Mr. Fernandez, on his appearance, received a similar compliment. Mr. Atkins's Trafalgar Joe was a careful and truthful life study. Mr. Friend made a successful debut as the waiter, playing the part in a very amusing manner. Mrs. Poynton appeared for the first time at this theatre, and was of great assistance to the piece. Miss Minnie Clifford played the inky-wiping widow, and Miss Nelly Smith spoke with remarkable distinctness as Silas's little daughter, Annie. Miss Josephine Fiddle was also highly successful. At the conclusion of the drama Mr. Leslie was called on, and loudly applauded. The names of Mr. E. T. Smith and Mr. E. W. were also heard, but these gentlemen did not appear. The music is by Mr. Tully. The theatre was crowded in every part, and several hundred persons received admission for Monday night to pit and galleries.

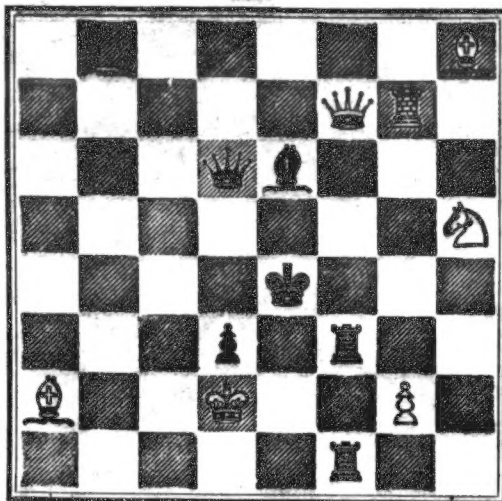
GRECIAN.—Messrs. George Conquest and W. Suter's drama, "The Fall of the Avalanche; or, The Mountain Home," continues highly successful. It contains pictorial and mechanical effects which are thoroughly appreciated by the audience, and will probably secure a lengthened run to the piece. The prologue is acted in an excellently contrived scene representing a sea shore and breaking waves. Act the first contains the tableaux which give the name to the drama, which is at once recognised as the centre point of the story of "Poor Genevieve," which recently appeared in *Flow Ballads*. The mountain chalet is seen for a time, till overwhelmed by the avalanche. This may be termed the great effect of the drama, though another highly effective "set" is shown in the third act. A waterfall, leaping down a mountain gorge, and crossed by a wooden bridge, is the scene in which justice is done upon the villain, and two lovers are made happy for life. The authors have invented some telling situations, and put into the mouths of the

characters many forcibly-expressed precepts, of which the public show their frantic approbation. Mr. Steele plays the cool, ruthless murderer, Dabola, extremely well. The principal interest is identified with Fauvette (Miss Lizzie Mandelbert), a Swiss shepherdess, and daughter of an old soldier, Paul Maurice (Mr. David Jones). She goes to pass the winter in an Alpine chalet. While in that airy locality she shelters a good-looking young traveller, Eugene (Mr. W. James). The avalanche falls immediately after his arrival, and the young people are snowed up for three months. During that time a love-making takes place, and the usual desertion follows, but he eventually returns to his first love. Miss Mandelbert and Mr. D. Jones principally shared the emotional passages, and gave them very feelingly. Mr. W. James played the erring but chivalrous Eugene with the manly, straightforward earnestness he always exhibits. The low comedy interest is confined to that clever actress, Miss M. A. Victor, who performs Hortensia. She is excessively funny, and one of her eccentricities is giving three defiant little kicks as she leaves the stage; but the language set down for her in several parts ought decidedly to be altered, if not already done. The pantomime is still in the bill, and will probably remain so for some weeks.

EFFINGHAM.—The new drama of "Twenty Straws," of which we give the plot elsewhere, has also been placed on the stage at this house in a most effective manner. It has realised a perfect success, and drawn crowded audiences. The following is the cast:—Mr. Bolding, Mr. Russell; Howard Bolding, Mr. W. Fredericks; Tom de Folx, Mr. H. Loydell; Biscay Bay, Mr. H. Dudley; Aran Barker, Mr. Corneo; Jusset, Mr. H. Young; Colonel Slackhouse, Mr. Burleigh; Cardano, Mr. Henry; Captain Willoughby, Mr. Paul; Dempster, Mr. Findlay; Dalston, Mr. Robinson; Amy Bolding, Miss M. Foster (Mrs. W. Lingard); Ballemy, Mrs. Simpson; Mrs. Pottisham, Miss Pettifer; Lady Northington, Miss Murray.

Chess.

PROBLEM No. 246.—By C. W., of Sunbury.
Black.



White to move, and make in four moves.

Game played between Mr. Wormald and another amateur, in the Home Circle Chess Tourney, to which we have adverted on previous occasions.

- | White. | Black. |
|-------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. P to K 4 | 1. P to K 4 |
| 2. K Kt to B 3 | 2. Q Kt to B 5 |
| 3. B to Q Kt 5 | 3. B to K 3 (a) |
| 4. Q to K 2 (b) | 4. P to Q 8 |
| 5. P to B 4 | 5. P to K B 4 (c) |
| 6. P to Q 4 | 6. P takes K P |
| 7. Q takes P | 7. K Kt to B 8 |
| 8. B takes Kt (ch) | 8. P takes B |
| 9. Q takes P (ch) | 9. B to Q 2 |
| 10. Q to Q B 6 | 10. P to K 5 |
| 11. Kt to K Kt square | 11. Castles |
| 12. Kt to K 2 | 12. P to Q 4 |
| 13. P to K B 3 | 13. Kt to K R 4 |
| 14. P to K Kt 4 | 14. B to K B 5 |
| 15. B to K 3 (d) | 15. B to K B 6 |
| 16. Q Kt to Q 2 | 16. B takes B |
| 17. P takes Kt | 17. Q to K square (e) |
| 18. Q to Q Kt 7 (f) | 18. B to Q B 8 |
| 19. Q takes Q B P | 19. B to Q Kt 4 |
| 20. P to Q B 4 | 20. P takes Q B P (g) |
| 21. Q to K B 4 (h) | 21. R takes Kt |
| 22. K takes R | 22. P to Q B 6 (dis ch) |
| 23. K to Q square | 23. Q takes K R P (ch) |
| 24. Q to K Kt 4 | 24. P takes Q Kt P |
| 25. Q R to Q Kt square | 25. Q to Q 4 |
| 26. Q R takes Kt P | 26. B to Q R 5 (ch) |
| 27. K to Q B square | 27. P to K 6 |
| 28. Kt to K 4 | 28. P takes K B P |
| 29. K to Q Kt square | 29. B to Q B 8 |
| 30. Q takes B (i) | 30. Q takes Kt (ch) |
| 31. Q takes Q | 31. B takes Q (ch) |
| 32. K to Q B square (j) | 32. R to Q B square (ch) |
| 33. K to Q square | 33. B to K B 6 (ch) |
| 34. K to Q 2 | 34. B takes K R |

White resigns.

- (a) This is a strong defence to this opening.
(b) Better to have Castled.
(c) This Counter Gambit, and the subsequent sacrifice of Pawn, gives Black a fine attack.
(d) Taking Kt seems equally futile, e.g.:

- | White. | Black. |
|-------------------|---------------------|
| 15. P takes Kt | 15. R takes K B P |
| 16. K to Q square | 16. Q to K B square |
- If White now play—
17. Kt to Q 2
(e) Effectually preventing White from Castling on Q side.
(f) Apparently his best move.
(g) Taking K R P looks tempting.
(h) R to K Kt square also looks promising, but would not have availed him much.
(i) K takes K B P would have been better play, but nothing could save his game.
(j) K to R square was his only hope.

HERRMAN'S Tea is choice and strong, moderate in price, and wholesome to use. These advantages have secured for this Tea a general preference. It is sold in packets by 2,380 Agents.—(Advertisement.)

**POLICE COURTH
MANSION HOUSE**

WASH. FILE

MARYLEBONK

WORSHIP STREET.

TEAMES

SOUTHWARK.

A DRUNKEN ARTILLERYMAN AT A RAILWAY STATION.—George O. a private in the Royal Artillery, was placed at the bar charged with drunk and riotous in the refreshment department of the South-Eastern Railway, Farnham, London-bridge, and assaulting one of the Thomas Darnley, an officer of the company, said that his attention was called to the refreshment department, when he heard a great deal and bad language. Several passengers ran towards him in a state and at that he could see him brutally treating a waiter. He proceeded and saw the prisoner in a very violent state, rushing about at every and stating he felt down and kicked at any one who came near him. went up to him and attempted to remonstrate with him, but the was. He was compelled to obtain assistance and remove him, by direction of Mr. Dyer, the station-master, he got into custody. The magistrates asked what state the prisoner was to sobriety? Witness replied that he was very drunk, he seemed to know pretty well what he was about at the time, waiter at the refreshment room said that he was "drick at the prisoner entered and commenced abusing several passengers who partaking of refreshments, told him to leave, but he refused, and struck some of liquor, desired him to leave, but he refused, and struck several times. He did not then become so violent that witness was called to send for the company's police to remove him. The asked if he had been served with drink at their place? replied that he was not. His conduct frightened away the passengers who were partaking of refreshments. He the prisoner what he had to say in answer to such He replied that he had nothing more to say than he supposed he must, as he did not recollect anything at all about it. The asked if he had misconducted himself before at the railway? The officer replied that he believed not. He seemed to be a well-man when sober. He wanted told the prisoner that his conduct was very disgraceful, and had he been charged with assaulting the officer he should have punished him severely. He, however, him to pay a fine of 10s. and in default committed him to days.

CATHOLIC BUILDINGS.

INTERIOR OF ST. MARY'S CATHOLIC CHURCH, BAYSWATER.

The death of Cardinal Wiseman following so soon after the recent exposure of the doings of the "fathers" at the Brompton Oratory, has directed public attention more particularly to the institutions of the Roman Catholics in this country—a subject which will shortly be brought before parliament; we, therefore, give two illustrations of two buildings belonging to this body.

The Roman Catholic Church of St. Mary, Bayswater, was opened by Cardinal Wiseman and other Catholic bishops in July, 1857. The church is not so highly ornamented as many similar structures in London, yet still the interior is very imposing.

THE CAPUCHIN CHURCH AND MONASTERY AT PECKHAM.

This is another institution in which the late Cardinal Wiseman took great interest. It is situated in the Lower Park-road, Peckham, and is a great ornament, in an architectural point of view, to the neighbourhood.

THE CARNIVAL AT ROME.

It is in Italy that the Carnival received its birth, descended in a straight line from the Saturnalia, Bacchanalia, Lupercalia, and other feasts, which Christianity has superseded, without being able to get aside. As the Romish Church has failed in abolishing these rooted customs, she tolerates, without, however, recognising them. She considers, we suppose, that before submitting to the rigorous fasting

of Lent, the flesh demands some satisfaction for the trials it is about to enter upon. It is in that country in which the Pontifical Government sheds its rays, and where the most strictly-observed abstinence requires some counter-balance, that the Carnival revels in all its follies.

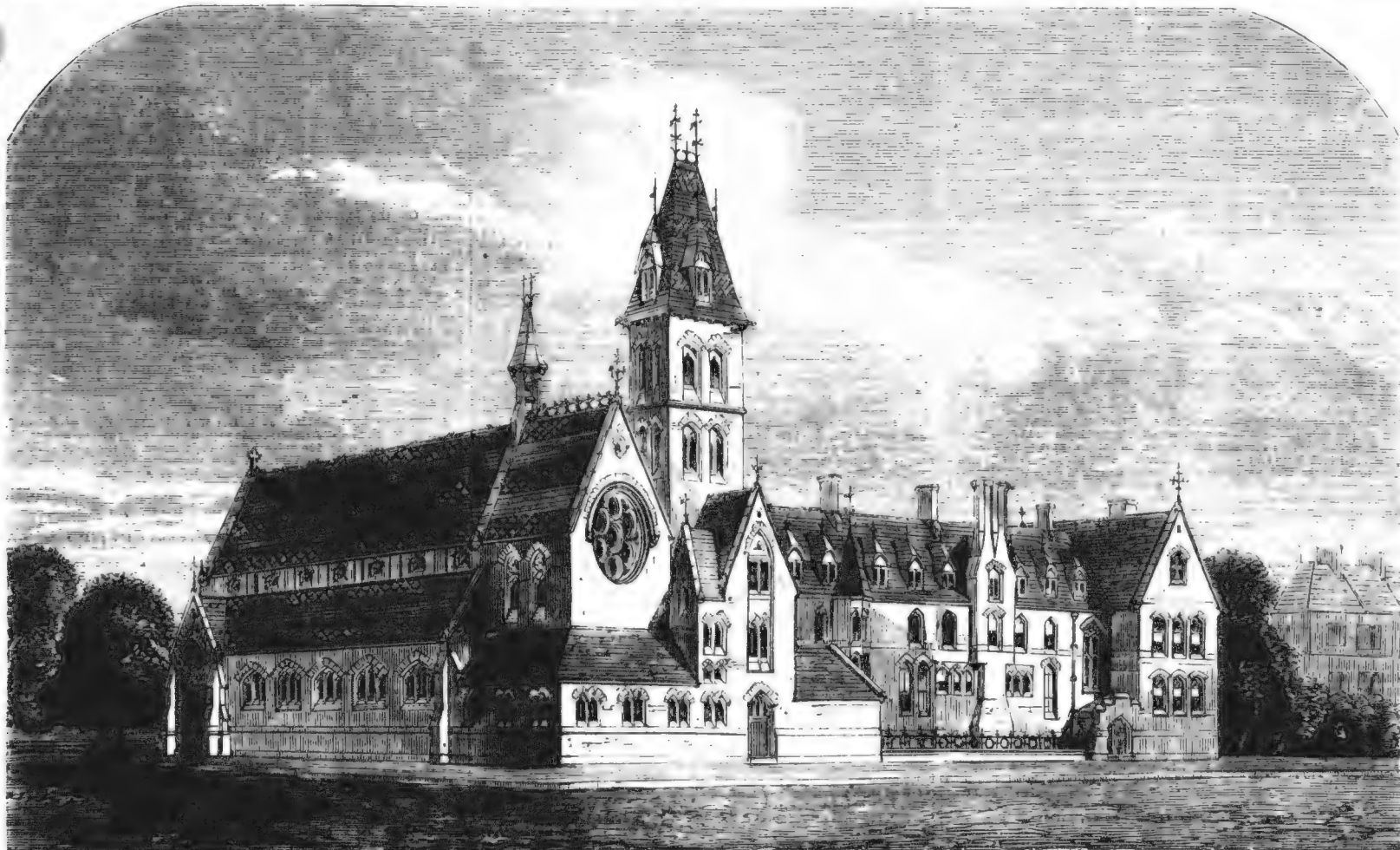
At Rome, everybody wears some kind of disguise. The face, however, remains unmasked. Carriages, filled with persons in fanciful costumes, promenade the length of the Corso. All classes mingle on an equality—for the time; the lowest of the low are authorized, on this occasion, to present bouquets and sweets to the most haughty dames. This year there are crowds of foreigners in Rome, and the Carnival has been as brilliant as on any previous occasion—the windows are as gaily decorated and filled with as much beauty, the maskers as active in throwing confetti and bouquets.

On pages 613 and 616 we give two illustrations of the Carnival. We also give an engraving of the Bridge and Castle of St. Angelo, at Rome.

The editor of the *Ohio Cultivator* offers his own portrait to subscribers, as an attraction to his paper. He says:—"We are not vain of our face, it is a very plain-looking face, that is to say, so much of it as appears above a liberal flow of beard, every thread of which is held sacred from the touch of the razor. But if it will gratify our readers, and they will embark with us for another year in sufficient numbers to justify the expense, we will give them a handsome likeness by the middle of the year."



THE LATE CARDINAL WISEMAN CONSECRATING A NEW CHURCH.



CAPUCHIN MONASTERY AT PECKHAM.

DEATH OF THE HON. G. M. DALLAS.

RECENT American news contains the account of the death of the Hon. G. M. Dallas, formerly United States minister in this country. He was a man of considerable attainments, and highly respected in this country.

George Mifflin Dallas was, we learn, born at Philadelphia on the 10th of July, 1792; and having received his early education in that place, graduated with high honours at Princeton College in 1810. His father, it seems, had been district attorney of Pennsylvania, under Jefferson, and, at a later period, secretary of the treasury, under Madison; and Dallas the younger, having commenced the study of law in his father's office, was in due time admitted to the American bar.

Mr. Dallas, having reached this stage of his career, and being no doubt desirous to see something of the world, accompanied Mr. Gellatin to Russia as private secretary, when that gentleman was member of a commission appointed to negotiate a peace under the mediation of the Czar Alexander. Mr. Dallas then took the opportunity of making himself acquainted with European countries, and visited France, England, Holland, and the Netherlands. Returning to the United States, he commenced practising as a lawyer. In 1817, he was nominated deputy of the Attorney-General of Philadelphia; and in 1829, having meantime been elected Mayor of Philadelphia, he was appointed to the office of district attorney, which, as we have stated, his father had held.

Mr. Dallas, having early taken a deep interest in politics, soon rendered himself one of the leading men among the Democratic party in his native State; and in 1831, having been elected to fill a vacancy which occurred in the representation of Pennsylvania in the Senate of the United States, he began to take a prominent part in the stormy debates of which that assembly was the scene. On the expiration of his term in 1835, he declined re-election, and resumed the pursuit of his professional avocations.

A year or two passed over; and in 1837 Mr. Dallas was accredited as American ambassador at St. Petersburg, and continued to occupy that distinguished position till 1839, when he returned home, and once more devoted himself to his professional pursuits. However, in 1844, he was again tempted from his law-books on being elected Vice-President of the United States, an office which he continued to fill till the elevation of Mr. Fillmore to the Presidency.

During the difficulty which occurred between this country and America, in 1856, relative to the disputes between Central America and our Government, Lord John Russell made the following remarks:—"If," said the noble lord,



THE LATE MR DALLAS, FORMERLY AMERICAN MINISTER IN ENGLAND.

"negotiations are to be carried on, I cannot think they could be better carried on than by Mr. Dallas, who is a gentleman universally respected, and who, during his short time here, has gained the goodwill of all classes of people."

PARLIAMENTARY PROCEEDINGS.

In the House of Lords, the Earl of Dalhousie called attention to the condition of the military hospitals at Netley and Woolwich, and inquired whether the vote of £6,000 was all that was intended to be applied to the erection of a landing-place at Netley, and whether the hospital at Woolwich was intended for a general military hospital, or only for the use of the garrison at Woolwich. Earl De Grey and Ripon replied that the sum asked for Netley Hospital was quite sufficient, as it was only intended to construct a pier of 200 yards, but if necessary a more extensive structure would be erected. With regard to Woolwich, it was intended for a general hospital, and would be conducted on the same principles as a general hospital in time of war.

In the House of Commons, Mr. Moore took the oath and his seat for Tipperary. Sir G. Grey stated, in answer to Mr. Lawson, that it was not intended by the Government to introduce any public or general measure for the alteration or amendment of the licensing laws. On the motion for going into committee of supply, Mr. G. P. Bantock drew attention to the frequency and increasing number of accidents on railways, and the absence of any power in the executive Government to interfere for their better prevention, and moved that it was desirable that power should be vested by Act of Parliament in the Board of Trade, or some other department of Government, to institute an inquiry into the causes of any accidents which may occur on railways. Mr. Gibson observed that a royal commission had been ordered to inquire into the railway system of the country, and on looking at the order of reference it would be seen that the commissioners were directly instructed to report their opinion whether, by some change or improvement in the law, it would be possible to provide more effectually than at present for the safety of the public travelling by railway. After some discussion the motion was negatived without a division.

A BRUNSWICK letter says:—"The duke has saved nothing whatever from the fire by which his palace has been destroyed, not even a hat; he had to purchase one on the following morning, with some body lines and a coat. All the clothes and articles for personal use possessed by the duke in his apartment were burnt."

Literature.

CALEB DENHAM'S LAST WILL.

OUTSIDE, the snow was falling in whirling, blinding wildernesses of white—the wind was howling, and the winter afternoon was dug into winter night; within, the red fire glowed like a giant carabane through the twilight gloom of the luxurious room where Caleb Denham was dying.

The violet silk curtains were drawn back from the carved rosewood canopy of the handsome Elizabethan bedstead—the violet velvet coverlet was tossed aside, as if its weight were too great for the labouring chest where life's wondrous machinery throbbed with feebler and feebler stroke as the moments fled by.

Suddenly the old man strove to raise himself on one elbow.

"Drink!" he gasped—"more drink, Ira! I have that to say that must be said, and I am dying with it yet unsaid."

A portly, benign-faced man of about forty rose from his chair by the bedside, poured a few dark red drops from a labelled vial into a crystal vase, and held it to Caleb Denham's lips. The draught seemed to revive him with instantaneous effect.

"Charlie!" he said, looking eagerly around the fast-darkening room. "Where is little Charlie?"

"I am here, Mr. Denham," said a soft little voice, and a child eight years old issued out of a corner by the fireplace, and crept up to the bedside—a fair golden-haired boy, with blue eyes, and a wistful, wondering expression about his mouth. It was curious to mark how Ira Denham's benign face darkened as the dying man's arm encircled the child's neck.

"Ira," he said—"Ira, you promised me not to let this little one want."

"I did, sir," smoothly announced the man addressed; "and—"

"But, Ira, I couldn't trust you," went on the sick person. "I know you never forgave Charlie's mother for preferring John Steele to you. I know you never liked the child—"

"But, my dear sir—"

"Be silent!" ejaculated old Caleb, imperatively. "And so, Ira, I have made a new will."

"Made a new will, sir?"

"Yes." A gleam of the old despotic spirit lighted up the ghastly features as he spoke. "You wonder when? Ah, Ira Denham, I have not yet a senseless, unreasoning puppet in your hands; I have will and volition left still, and I have chosen for once to set indelibly of you. Alas Steele disobeyed me and was disinherited—pardon me! you see I know all that you would say; but Alas Steele's boy is ruthless of all misdeeds, and I will not see him left to your caprice. You have enough of your own, Ira, and need none of my hoarded wealth."

"Sir—"

He stopped suddenly, appalled by the singular change that had come over the man, wasted face. Charlie, who had been looking from one to the other, with no very definite idea as to what was going on, uttered a faint cry.

"Oh, Mr. Ira, his hand is so cold!"

Ira Denham started up and rang the bell vehemently.

"Lights—quick! and I will summon the doctor. He was down in the drawing-room ten minutes ago; there's not a second to be lost!"

And while the eager servants were running aimlessly in various directions Ira Denham slipped noiselessly away.

He did not go to the drawing-room, however—to the library instead, where an old-fashioned wood fire flickered unsteadily against the shelves, and made fitful reflections in the mahogany doors of an antique, massively-moulded cabinet between the

windows. To this cabinet he stole on tiptoe, and applied an odd, twisted-looking key.

"He never missed the key," he pondered guiltily within himself. "It was well that I thought to take it from under his pillow when he lay in that torpor. I little fancied it would be of such use. Of course he keeps his papers here. If I had but a light—but I dare not attract attention to this room. I thank you for your last confidence, Caleb Denham—yes, I thank you from the bottom of my heart. That yellow-haired babe shall never have the wealth that I have fawned and flattered for twenty years to earn!"

He turned over the piles of yellow, docketed papers with an eager, trembling hand, listening the while for the summons that he knew must soon come; he examined the quaint pigeon holes and scrutinised—taking them to the firelight for the purpose—every paper in the various drawers; yet the blank, unsatisfied look never passed from his face—the look of breathless, eager search.

At length he paused, setting his teeth firmly together.

"Not here—it is not here—and all those years are wasted!"

The expression of his face was almost demonic—the fire seemed literally to blaze from his eyes.

"I will not be duped thus!" he hissed. "It is my last chance, and it shall not slip by me."

He jerked out the lowest drawer where Caleb Denham was in the habit of keeping letters, receipts of little consequence, and loose papers; it was just possible that the existence of a secret spring somewhere might reward his examinations.

All in vain, however; the solid wood returned a dull, dead sound to the touch of his finger—the heavy antique beading was varnished beading, and nothing more.

A sound like the baffled cry of some wild animal broke from his parched lips, as he took up the drawer to return it to its place.

Suddenly it fell with a crash to the floor—Ira Denham caught a folded and sealed paper from the old receipts, letters and manuscript, and greedily devoured its superscription with his eyes by the glimmering light of the wood-fire.

"I have found it! I have found it at last!"

The words were unspoken, but they seemed to eddy through his brain in characters of fire, as he clutched the fateful document in one hand, closing the cabinet doors and relooking them with fevered haste.

"Mr. Denham! Mr. Ira!"

It was the doctor's voice—he entered the library carrying a bright lamp. Ira Denham skulked backward into the corner, hiding his hand behind him.

"I am here, doctor—what is it?"

"For heaven's sake, come quickly!—the old gentleman is just going. What can you be doing here?"

"—I was looking for you."

"Well, you've found me now—I have been up-stairs these five minutes. Come—there's not a second to be lost."

"In a moment, doctor."

"Now, I tell you! Man, your relative is dying!"

There was no help for it. Ira dropped the document in the gloomy corner—he could have made no other disposition of it under Dr. Ware's keen eyes, and advanced with stimulated alacrity.

"Dear me, dear me, doctor—is it as bad as that?"

"So bad, that it can't well be any worse," returned the medical man dryly, leading the way to the sick-room, and throwing open the door. "He has asked for you twice."

"How is he now, nurse?" demanded Mr. Ira, with a perfumed pocket handkerchief at his eyes.

"He can't last long, poor dear," said the old woman. "Hush! he's asking for you, sir."

"Ira! Where is Ira?" came from the ashen lips in faint sobbing breaths.

"Here, my dearest sir—here by your side!"

"I told you, didn't I? About—about Charlie?"

"You told me all, sir," soothed Ira. "Pray don't unsettle your mind in these last hours—it is all right!"

"You didn't need it, you know—and Charlie is only a child—"

"My dear sir, compose yourself, I understand everything!"

stared Mr. Ira.

Still Caleb Denham's eye roved from one face to the other, as if he would fain have spoken somewhat more, but the next instant a misty dimness crept over his vision, and he sank into a sort of lethargy, still holding Ira's hand in his stiffening clasp.

So went by a quarter of an hour—and then Caleb Denham died.

"It is all over," said Dr. Ware, laconically.

"He's gone, poor gentleman!" croaked the nurse.

"He has departed, let us hope, to a better world," sighed Mr. Ira, laying the head back on the pillow, and skillfully replacing the key beneath its downy folds at the same instant. "Ah, me; he was a fine old character: there are few such remaining."

While nobody took any notice of poor little Charlie, sobbing his heart out in the corner by the fire.

No sooner could Mr. Denham detach himself from the group of interesting mourners than he eagerly returned to the library and lighted the gas, to recover possession of the inestimable document he had left there.

It was gone!

The complicated Persian pattern of the carpet stared up at him, guiltless of scrap or speck of paper—the fire crackled easily on the polished andirons, and the utter silence of the room appalled him.

What had become of the missing will?

Ira Denham rang the bell with a hand that trembled like a leaf—a cold dew stood on his upper lip, and all strength seemed oozing out of his limbs.

"John, who has been in this library during the last half-hour?"

he asked, in accents of smothered fierceness.

John scratched his head, and "Didn't know."

"But you must know, John. I—I left a very valuable receipt lying on the table here, and it is gone."

"I never has nothing to do with the library, sir, except to bring wood twice a day. Deborah always sticks it up."

"Then send Deborah here."

Deborah came—a spruce damsel in a white apron, extensively ruffled. She turned white and red as she saw the suppressed fury in Mr. Denham's eyes.

"You were in here twenty minutes or so ago?"

"Dear me, sir, how did you know?"

"No matter. What were you doing?"

"I have just dusted off the mantel, sir, and swept up the ashes—that's all."

"Did you see no—no papers lying about?"

"No, sir."

"Now this was a lie—an arrant unmitigated fib; but, as Miss Deborah afterwards expressed it, 'he frightened the eyes out of her head.'"

"Girl!" he thundered, "are you telling me the truth?"

"Indeed, indeed, sir, I am," whimpered Deborah, putting her apron to her eyes; "and why shouldn't I?"

"You may go," said Mr. Ira, briefly.

"I am sure," pondered the guilty Deborah, on her way down to the kitchen, "I didn't s'pose there could be any harm in just throwin' them old crumpled papers out o' the window—the wind took 'em jest like so much goose's feathers! Folks hasn't no business to leave valuable papers lying round that-a-way. I'll keep a close tongue in my head, anyhow—Mr. Ira'd kill me outright if he knowed."

So that desperate venture had been all in vain! Yet it seemed as if the Evil One helped his own, for the will had vanished as en-

stare out of Ira Denham's way as if he had followed out his original plan, and seen its white ashes float up the chimney. And the law, guided by existing evidences, gave up the whole of Caleb Denham's wealth into the hands of his benign-faced kinsman, Ira.

"Of course," said Dr. Ware, "you'll do something for that little Charlie?"

"Of course I shall not," said Ira, contracting his black brows until they met. "He is no relation of mine."

"Yes, but—"

"I shall bind him to some trade or other," said Ira, indifferently. His idea of binding people to trades must have been of rather a peculiar nature, however, for that same evening he benignly turned little Charlie out of doors.

"Never let me see your white face again," he said, speaking in smooth, oily accents.

"But, Mr. Ira," pleaded the terrified child, "what shall I do?"

"Do!" hissed Ira Denham. "Beg! starve! freeze! Do what you please—only never come near me again!"

And he closed the door relentlessly in Charlie's face.

"Snow!" said Joseph Jones, stopping under a gas lamp to shift his heavy bag from one shoulder to the other. "And snow!" like a house on fire, too. Well, snow has its good points and its bad 'uns. The good 'uns is that when it snows the weather ain't so all-fired cold; and the bad 'uns is that it ain't good for my trade, kiverin' up the flamin' population of rags, and dazlin' the eyes so you can't tell white paper from a hole in the ground. I guess I'll have to take to spectacles. Hallo, there, little 'un—what are you crying about? I'd go home where it was a little speck warmer to cry!"

Little Charlie Steele, sitting solitary and forlorn on the snowy kerbstone, only answered with fresh tears and sobs.

"Please, sir, I haven't got any home!"

"Not got no home?"

"No, sir. Mr. Denham told me to beg or starve—and I don't know how to beg!"

Joseph Jones pushed the grey hairs out of his eyes and stared fixedly at Charlie.

"Where's your mother?"

"Dead!"

"And your father?"

"He's dead, too!"

"Got any brothers and sisters?"

"No, sir—please I don't belong to anybody."

"How old be you?"

"Eight years."

"Where did you come from?"

"I don't know, sir—I think I have lost my way. I walked and walked, until my feet ached so, and my hands were so cold."

Joseph Jones changed his ponderous bag from one shoulder to the other again, and gazed at Charlie's innocent blue eyes and tear-stained cheeks.

"Come home with me," he said, shortly, extending a claw-like hand.

And Charlie Steele trotted, whimpering, home with Joseph Jones, the rag-picker.

They went down two or three steps, into a dismal little basement den, where Joseph Jones lighted a tallow candle, and kindled a dull fire, before he drew on the tattered garment which he by courtesy denominated an "overcoat."

"Well," said Joseph, looking at the round blue eyes which were watching his every motion, "how do you like it?"

"I don't like it at all," said Charlie, with more frankness than politeness.

The old man chuckled, and began to consider whether he had not better deliver up his small charge to the "authorities" that are supposed to provide for such strays and waifs.

"But," added Charlie, stealing one little hand into the rag-picker's horny palm, "I like you, sir!"

"Hang it!" thought old Joseph, "I'll keep the little chap. He can't cost much. I've heard o' rich folks adoptin' children—I'll play at rich man for once."

Joseph Jones put over his teakettle, and extracted half a loaf of bread from beneath a mountain of old rags, loose papers, and—we regret to say it—dry bones!

"How old did you say you was?" he asked, by way of entertaining his little guest.

"Eight."

"And can you read and write?"

"Yes, sir."

"Think o' that, now," said Joseph, admiringly, as he sliced the bread with a knife which he had first carefully wiped on the leg of his trousers. "I can't!"

"Can't you, sir? But I can teach you."

"I'm too old a bird for that," returned Joseph, stroking the golden head. "But I'll tell you what, little 'un—you shall be eyes and inkstand for me. I've got a many things laid up, only waiting for my eyes and inkstand to come!"

Charlie Steele went to sleep that night with his curly head on Joseph Jones's own special pillow, stuffed with rags instead of feathers.

"So that's the way you write your name, is it?"

Joseph had come quietly up behind the little fellow, who was inscribing "Charles Harrison Steele" in letters of flaming red chalk all over the board bench that served for table, bureau, and chairs.

"That's the way, Daddy Jones," said the boy, proudly. "I've got all the bones piled up, and all the rusty nails sorted, and the white rags picked out of the coloured ones, and—"

"All right—all right, Charlie," said the old man, mechanically. "So that's the way you write your name?"

He smoked his pipe in unwonted silence that night, alternately looking from Charlie's face to the red chalk hieroglyphics, and pondering some deep question in his mind.

"It's beyond me," he muttered, as the City Hall bell boomed nine. "I'll see what Lawyer Ward says about it."

"Charlie," he said, the next morning, "d'ye see this here parcel tied up wi' red yarn?"

"Yes, Daddy Jones."

"Well, I want you to carry it for me. You must go two streets down, and then turn to your right, and go straight on, till you come to a big white building with a tin sign on the door post that says 'Lawyer Ward.'"

"Who is Lawyer Ward?"

"Well, he's the only honest lawyer in Rutherford. He helped me out when I got into difficulty 'bout my hawker's license, and he's a smart fellow. You give him the parcel, and say old Joe Jones sent you. And you wait for an answer, d'ye hear?"

"Yes, Daddy Jones," said Charlie, with alacrity.

"Lawyer Ward" unfolded the curious package, and read it over with grave attention, not unmoved with surprise, while Charlie stood waiting, spellbound by the splendours of the lawyer's bronze inkstand and note-receiver.

"My little fellow," he said, turning to Charlie, "did Mr. Jones send no message?"

"No, sir."

"Upon my word, this is a curious riddle. What is your name?"

"Charles Harrison Steele, sir."

The lawyer dropped the paper, and turned round so that he might get a full view of the innocent, artless little face.

"Do you know what this paper is, my boy?"

"No, sir!"

"Tell me all about yourself."

Charlie told his simple story, much marvelling at the interest it excited in his auditor.

"And you don't know why Mr. Ira Denham turned you out of doors?"

"No, sir—I think he didn't like me very much, because he used to box my ears and pull my hair when Mr. Denham was alive!"

"Ah!" quoth Mr. Ward, meditatively. "Charlie—would you like to be rich?"

"Oh, yes, sir!"

"Why, what would you do with money?"

"I'd buy some candy, and I'd buy a splendid new book for Daddy Jones!"

Mr. Ward smiled.

"Rather a limited view of the advantages of wealth," he said. "Wait awhile, Charlie, and we will see what Dame Fortune has in store for you."

That very afternoon the first legal steps were taken for re-instating Charlie Steele in the rights which had been usurped by Mr. Ira Denham.

A few days later that benign-faced gentleman was disagreeably surprised by the appearance of Mr. Ward and his calm interrogation as to whether Mr. Denham preferred quietly surrendering the estate without further opposition, or passing through the steps of a legal investigation.

"Sir," stammered the astonished Ira, "I am at a loss to imagine what you mean!"

"I mean, sir, that Mr. Caleb Denham's last will, executed in favour of Charles Harrison Steele, is now in my hands."

"It is impossible!" ejaculated Ira.

"By no means, sir," returned the courteous lawyer. "You will find that it is quite possible."

"There is no such will, sir!"

"Your opinion will be altered, Mr. Denham, when we offer the will in court."

The icy dew broke out in Ira Denham's broad smooth forehead. Was it possible that the glittering edifice of wealth and station was about to fall on his very head?

"I—I will not believe it unless I see the document."

"You can see it, sir, by calling at our office to-morrow."

Then, and not till then, Ira Denham realised that his Aladdin dreams were over! His head had been strong and unrelenting—but the hand of Providence was stronger, more unrelenting still—and it had overthrown Mr. Ira Denham in his career of prosperity!

"I surrender the estate, sir—I'll if the will can be legally proven," he said, with a bitter groan.

And he did so.

"You shan't pick rags and old paper any longer, Daddy Jones," said little Charlie Steele, dancing round his unsoothed protector: "you shall be a gentleman, and live with me, and smoke a silver pipe every day."

"Silver pipes ain't for the likes o' me, boy," said Joseph, sedately smiling. "I sort o' feel I'd like to stick to the hook and bag a spell longer. Who knows—I may pick a fortin' out o' the gutter agin? I never fished—no, never—when I picked that heap o' crumpled paper out o' the street that snowy afternoon, that it was o' so much value than—nothin' at all!"

"It's as good as a fairy tale," said little Charlie, jumping up and down.

The little heir of old Caleb Denham had yet to learn, you see, that truth is stranger than fiction, in this unaccountable world.

Old Joseph Jones spent the rest of his days in a curious alternation between the splendours of Denham Hall and the less gorgeous department of the streets, relishing one all the more for its contrast to the other. But, although his keen old eyes are perpetually on the qui vive for it, he has never yet picked a second "fortune" out of the gutters!

SEVENTY THOUSAND MEN THROWN OUT OF EMPLOYMENT.

(From the Birmingham Daily Gazette.)

THE struggle that has been going on for years in the iron trade has at length reached a crisis in one of the boldest measures that has ever been or that could under any circumstances be adopted by the employers of labour in any branch of industry. On Saturday night the South Staffordshire Ironworks were closed on the understanding that they should not be again opened till the North Staffordshire men had returned to work. There are 3,000 furnaces in South Staffordshire. They were at work on Saturday, but they are cold this morning. 6,000 puddlers were employed at them, and for each puddler there was an assistant, and for every puddler and every assistant there was a labourer. There were coal wheelers, boat loaders and unloaders, horse drivers, and labourers employed in many other capacities in connection with the ironworks. There were also 3,500 millmen. Very soon after the stopping of the ironworks a great number of colliers must be thrown out of work. On the whole 34,000 or 35,000 persons will be thrown out of employment in South Staffordshire alone this week, and 40,000 a week that used to be distributed in wages will no longer circulate amongst the families of the poor. If the lock out be persevered in all over the country, in accordance with the compact which the iron-masters have entered into with each other, 70,000 men will be thrown out of employment, and above 200,000 persons will be deprived of the means of subsistence. Nearly 100,000 a week that used to be paid in wages will be diverted from the labouring classes of the iron districts of this country, and will circulate in some other channel.

LETTER FROM A PENITENT SCHOOLBOY.—In our last impression we gave an account of the adventures of four runaway schoolboys. Since then the following penitent letter has been received by the mamma of one of them:—Feb 25, 1865. My dear Mamma, I am very sorry to say I ran away from school. We were out for a walk on Wednesday afternoon. I and three other boys got behind the red noses; then, as soon as the other boys had gone on a little way, we ran over the sand hills and past Mr. —, over the iron bridge, and into Birkenhead. One of us then thought of selling his topcoat. We all agreed. I forgot to tell you that before we crossed the iron bridge I had a penny in my topcoat pocket that I picked up on Sunday on the ground. Another of us had five postage stamps. We changed them at a little shop, and got four large biscuits, which cost twopence. Another had a farthing; he bought two small biscuits. When we got to Birkenhead we asked for marine stores. One of us had a little pistol to fire percussion caps; but they would not buy it. Then we went to a tailor to sell the topcoat. No; he would not buy it; told us to pawn it next door. We went in, but he would not pawn it. We then went back again to the next marine stores (not the same one). He would not buy it; so we went to the same one; but they said they would buy nothing of us; so we went to a toyshop to try to sell either a whistle or pistol. She bought the pistol for threepence. We then went to buy bread. We got a 1½ loaf of bread, as well as a 1d. muffin. Then we went to the landing stage; went over to town in the Chester. As we were going down to the ferry we tried to sell a stick. A man tried it; it was two big for him, so he would not take it. When we got to town we went to the waiting-room for a drink of water. Then, as we were walking about the stage, such a funny policeman came and said "What boat are you going by?" We said none; we have just come from Birkenhead. Then he said, "You're just the boys I am looking for. You run away from school; follow me: come this way. Some one has been looking for you all over the town." Then he took us to Miss —, who was waiting for us on the stage. We then went on the New Brighton boat. Papa was waiting for us on the New Brighton stage. He took me and another boy up to Burton's car. Then they all got in, except me and papa. We all as soon as we got here went into the study, where Miss — told us how naughty it was. We then went to bed, where Miss — sent us a cup of hot tea and some bread. I must now conclude.—I remain, your affectionate son, JOHN.—Liverpool Albion.

FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

(From *Le Follet*.)

ALTHOUGH the temperature at the present time might lead one to imagine the spring weather very far in the future, it is our duty, as chroniclers of fashion, to give our readers an idea of what toilettes should be prepared for the bright days which we may hope will cheer us before the month of March has passed. Foulard—perhaps one of the most suitable materials for such dresses—is now being made in plain colours, particularly green and mauve—a mixture which hitherto has been considered impossible. It is also made with a pattern on a ground of very narrow stripes—blue and white, green and white, mauve and white, cerise and white, &c. It would be impossible to describe the different designs, on account of the great variety; but there is no doubt that quite plain shades or small patterns will be the most in vogue, as with them a palette of the same material can be worn.

We cannot deny, however, it may shock the good taste of some, that the rage for bright, sparkling, on tinsel-like trimmings and ornaments is very great just now. Steel is still much in favour. Crystal is also employed as an ornament, not only in the hair, but little drops of it are dotted over the blonde on dresses or upon the ribbons trimming them; sometimes sewn on black velvet or ribbon in the form of a groove on the body of a dress, especially when made of velvet. It is placed at the bottom of tulle dresses, or in the centre of blonde trimmings.

We have also ribbons and galons of gold blonde, embroidered with beads; blonde embroidered with beads or crystal in dew-drops; and satin or velvet ribbons, for dresses. We gave an example how these ribbons are used. For instance, on a tunic of tulle, ends of satin ribbon, red or blue, about an inch and a half wide, are placed at equal distances all round, commencing at the waist and finished off by a bow fringed with silver rain (pluie d'argent), or white beads. Gold, silver, beads, or steel rain, and feathers, are in mode this season for trimming evening-dresses—both bodies and skirts—and also upon the chignons and nets in the hair. Peacock's feathers form a truly elegant trimming, especially used for ball dresses or bonnets.

For visiting-dress, satin and velvet dispute the palm. Moire antique is no longer so fashionable as it formerly was; partly, perhaps, because with the two former may be worn a palette or mantle of the same.

Bonnets, which are still worn with very small curls, or in most cases entirely without, are a mixture of lace, tulle, silk, or velvet, and beads of all kinds. They are still small, but, in many cases, are most becoming head-dresses, giving full scope to the ingenuity and taste of the modiste.

We will proceed to describe some of the newest models. A capote of black velvet, having at the back a bride's veil trimmed with lace, and partly hidden under an agraffe of jet. Two long bows, with an end nearly a quarter of a yard long of medium width velvet ribbon. Bandeau of black velvet with agraffe of jet and rose-buds.

Capote, formed of bouillonnages of tulle and pink satin alternately. At the back, bouillonnages of tulle falling like double frills. A bracelet of roses at the side. The same flowers inside, with pink satin strings.

A bonnet of black velvet, embroidered with gold beads; one single drawing forming the front. In the place of the curtain, a black aigrette mixed with gold beads over a coquille of lace. Inside, a torse of velvet, with rows of gold beads, and large balls of gold at the side.

A capote of white curled plush, drawn lengthways. Curtain of white myosotis, covered with dew-drops in crystal. A long branch of the same flower and a bow of white ribbon at the back. Bouillonnages of tulle Malines, with bunches of myosotis and dew-drops inside.

Black velvet capote, embroidered with steel. The crown is formed with a wide blonde, over which fall three marabout feathers, white and steel. A long bow of narrow black velvet at the back. Ruche of black lace, with steel ornaments across the forehead.

We must pass on to mention some of the newest styles of head-dresses for evening-dress.

A coiffure Pompadour, made with a puff of roses and three bows of blue velvet, covered with crystal dew-drops; two of the bows having an ornament of rock-crystal, the other in the form of a butterfly, placed as if flying at the side of the roses.

A "Juno" head-dress: two large exotic leaves of bright green, forming a diadem, from which falls a long bunch of gold seeds, on which is placed a butterfly formed of peacock's feathers. Two long stems form the wreath, with similar leaves in velvet. Small butterfly quite at the back of the neck, and two bunches of gold seeds hanging at the side.

SOMETHING LIKE A GIANT.—Our readers doubtless noticed in their walks through the settlements immense posters, setting forth the extraordinary dimensions of the "Fychoo giant." Next each of these posters is a red placard, in Chinese, begging the curious in such matters to "come to see an extraordinary man," over which crowds of gaping natives may be seen poring. The address to the native population sets forth that this man, whose name, by the way, is Chang, measures nine chi or feet, that his arm is four feet in length, his feet two, and his circumference six feet and a half. We cannot vouch for all these extraordinary particulars, but we are justified in saying that this giant is by far the tallest and broadest that we have ever seen. He stands about eight feet two or three inches in height, and is proportionately broad. His figure is good, his movements as graceful as is compatible with his extraordinary height, and his expression amiable. We were under no apprehension when we found ourselves in his august presence, albeit he might have taken us and our contemporaries as a snack without any inconvenience. His manners are re-assuring, and he very readily answers questions as to his family, his weight, and any other particulars which the inquisitive are anxious to discover. His leaves appear well attended, and we imagine he must be making a tolerably good harvest from his exhibition. We would suggest that some of the enterprising members of the foreign community form themselves into a "Fychoo Giant Joint-Stock Company (Limited)," and send our friend Chang to visit Europe and America. The speculation would, no doubt, pay well, even allowing for the giant's necessarily enormous appetite. If his services could be secured as a footman he would create a sensation in May-fair, and would no doubt soon become the rage of a discriminating public. With such resources within himself, the giant must be a happy man. His future is secure should he place himself in the hands of his foreign friends and admirers. We notice that his carte de visite is about to be taken. In order to give an idea of Chang's immense height some well-known public character, such, for instance, as Mr. George Polite, the fascinating barber, should be taken with him as a contrast.—*North China Daily News*.

We recommend our readers who require any Christmas Amusements or Presents to inspect the stock of Electrical, Galvanic, and Chemical Apparatus at Mr. Faulkner's Laboratory, 40, Endell-street. We draw special attention to the newly-invented Magneto Electric Coil, for giving shocks, and for the cure of various diseases, used without battery or acid; also to the brilliant light made by burning Magnesian Wire, which is now sold at 2d. per foot; and to the Magneto Electric Engine, a beautiful piece of apparatus, price 25s. to 30s.—[Advertisement.]

TAKE CARE OF YOUR HEALTH.—To CONSUMPTIVES.—Dr. O. Phelps Brown has lately published a treatise on Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, and General Debility, of 48 octavo pages, beautifully illustrated with coloured plates, containing a prescription for the positive and speedy cure of Pitt and Dyspepsia. This work will be sent free to all on receipt of fourpence to prepay postage, 42, Abchurch-lane, Dr. O. Phelps Brown, 4, King-street, Covent-garden, London.—[Advertisement.]

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(From the London "Times.")

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